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COUNT ANDRASSY'S NOTE.

THE form of Count ANDRASSY'S Note is perhaps less important than the proof which it affords that the three Imperial Courts find it possible to act in concert. The ready acceptance by the French Government of a string of colourless or commonplace proposals indicates a determination to stand for the present aloof from external transactions. It will be more difficult for the English Ministers to form a decision. The origin and consequences of the project will require full consideration. The preliminary concert of the three Governments involves the assumption that they are more immediately interested in the Eastern question than France or Italy, or even than England; yet Germany is but remotely concerned with Turkish affairs, which have for a century past been an object of constant solicitude to English statesmen. If Count ANDRASSY had communicated his Note simultaneously to all the Powers, there would have been a strong presumption in favour of an Austrian project. The concurrence of Russia would not have furnished a sufficient reason for objecting to a plausible scheme; but the Austro-Hungarian CHANCELLOR has avowedly acted as the agent of the three allied Powers; and it is probable that, in executing any measure of intervention, they would consider themselves independent of England and of France. If the Note is vague and indefinite in its terms, there will be additional risk of future complications. As judges sometimes say in construing ambiguous Acts of Parliament, "the Legislature must have meant something." A scheme of administrative reform for a Turkish province may be interpreted as conveying a right to enforce the concessions which are in the first instance courteously recommended. It is impossible without knowledge of diplomatic negotiations and assurances to form a confident judgment of the expediency of accepting Count ANDRASSY'S proposals. The decision of the Government will be founded on ample information; and, until all the documents are published and explained, the country will provisionally acquiesce in the policy which may be adopted.

Impetuous philanthropists already condemn the Note which they have not seen. According to their contention, it is useless and absurd to propose reforms to the Turks, who never keep even their own promises of amendment. It is known that the Austrian project includes no machinery of execution; and it is therefore, according to the critics, immaterial whether it is more or less complete in its details than the SULTAN'S Firman. Irresponsible politicians fail to make sufficient allowance for the embarrassments which beset practical statesmen. Count ANDRASSY could scarcely found a policy on the fanciful or metaphorical proposition that indigenous Bosnian Mussulmans are an invading Turkish horde, occupying the lands which they in fact inherited from their Slavonic ancestors. Count ANDRASSY might not perhaps trouble himself with ethnological distinctions if he was prepared to exterminate or to expel the troublesome Mahometans of Herzegovina and Bosnia; but Austria is not at present disposed to engage in a crusade. A former member of Parliament has lately given variety to the Eastern controversy by an elaborate eulogy on the admirable qualities of the Turks. There are probably in Turkey, as elsewhere, both good and bad specimens of the ruling race; but there can be no doubt that the bad Turks are very bad; and if there were no Turks in Europe their presence would not be desired, nor their absence regretted. The conclusive objection to the philan-

thropic doctrine of extermination is that it is impracticable. The invading horde is too numerous and too tenacious to be summarily expelled. The annexation of the disturbed province to Austria would perhaps be the best possible solution as far as the interests of the inhabitants are concerned. An Austrian administration would keep Mahometans as well as Christians in order; nor can there be any doubt that the worst-governed province of Austria or Hungary is better managed than the best-governed province of Turkey. In this case also considerations of policy and prudence interfere with the adoption of heroic remedies. The opposition of Montenegro and Servia to the establishment of Austrian sovereignty in Herzegovina might perhaps be disregarded; but a Turkish war, undertaken for a doubtful object, would be highly inconvenient, especially while the part which Russia might take in the quarrel is wholly uncertain. It is well known that both the German and the Hungarian portions of the Empire deprecate any increase of the Slavonic population; and it is doubtful whether any one of the three Powers would assent to the arrangement which is with easy confidence proposed by amateurs. If Austria were willing and able to annex Herzegovina, and if no further consequences would follow the measure, there is no reason why the English Government should dissent from the philanthropic solution.

In default of an Austrian conquest, some machinery might perhaps be contrived by which the administration of the disturbed province might be superintended and controlled; but it is not surprising that Count ANDRASSY has abstained from defining the method of future coercion. Any project of the kind would have injuriously affected the probability of English co-operation. Lord STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE formerly rendered good service both to his own country and to Turkey by the pressure which he habitually applied to the Porte on behalf of improvements in administration. A formal right and corresponding duty of interference would be more embarrassing; but a power of control vested in a single Ambassador would be comparatively simple and effective. A right of appeal to a Board of five or six representatives of as many States would produce many anomalies. If the Ambassadors could agree among themselves they would require the aid of an Austrian contingent to enforce their decisions. Count ANDRASSY'S project only relates to Herzegovina, and perhaps to a part of Bosnia; and it is so far distinguished from the SULTAN'S Firman, which purports to extend to all parts of the Empire. There is at present nothing to prevent the Ambassadors from remonstrating jointly or severally against abuses which may prevail in any province. If the Note had provided a machinery of execution, they might at the same time protest verbally against maladministration in Bulgaria and interfere by force for the protection of oppressed Christians in Herzegovina. Objections of this kind are perhaps not necessarily conclusive; but Count ANDRASSY must have taken them into consideration. He perhaps thought it prudent to leave open on the face of the document the more important question whether the Powers, if they can agree among themselves, are to impose their will on the Porte. In every detail it was necessary to exercise the most careful circumspection. The three allied Courts must have been prepared with alternative systems of policy to meet the cases of the assent or refusal of the English Government.

The disappointment of the friends of the insurgents is excessive, though it is natural. Looking only to their object,

they made insufficient allowance for the difficulties of establishing any kind of concert. It would perhaps have been impossible that Austria and Russia should agree on a more definite course of proceeding. Something has been gained by the adversaries of the Porte in the formal notice that three great Powers claim a right of interference in its internal administration. One more clause of the Treaty of 1856 has been virtually repealed, for an express consideration of the promises of the Porte to give equal privileges to all the subjects of the Empire was the disclaimer by the European Powers of any right of internal intervention. The experience of twenty years may perhaps justify a change of system; but it is a mistake to suppose that Count ANDRASSY'S Note will not have established a new principle. If Austria, Russia, and Germany can, with or without the concurrence of the Western Powers, insist on reforms in Herzegovina, they may at their convenience use force to obtain compliance with their demands. Any active measure must be preceded by negotiation among themselves; but, as far as the Porte is concerned, the principle of qualified independence is already established. In a later stage of the transaction the precedent of the liberation of Greece will perhaps, with more or less variation, be followed. Fifty years ago much difficulty occurred in determining the limits of the territory which was ultimately declared independent. It would be a far more arduous task to deal differently with Herzegovina, with Bosnia, and with Bulgaria. The Turkish inhabitants of the Morca were compelled to leave the country on payment or promise of compensation for their property. The Mahometan population of the European portion of the Empire, whether of Slavonic or of Turkish race, is warlike and comparatively numerous. To expel an invading horde from countries where it has for four hundred years been at home is a bold undertaking; but Count ANDRASSY'S proposals of reform may possibly be a step towards the attainment of the design at some remote period.

THE PRESS ABROAD.

AS there is not much going on at Paris just now, the bitterness of party spirit during a period of expectation seeks material from remote sources, and the past is ransacked, and buried scandals are unearthed. Among other amusements, a journal has thought it worth while to reproduce some imaginary letters of LOUIS PHILIPPE, which were published more than thirty years ago by the *Gazette de France*. It is supposed to be probable that some part of this very artificial kind of dirt will stick to the Orleanists of the present day, or that at any rate they will fear it may stick, so that in any case there will be the pleasure of alarming them. The history of these letters and of their publication may, however, suggest another train of thought with which the Orleanists have nothing to do. The letters were published in a Legitimist journal in 1841, nearly eleven years after LOUIS PHILIPPE had provoked the wrath of all Legitimists by managing to be made King against his will. He was therefore, in 1841, not only a reigning monarch, but a monarch who had reigned some time, and it might have been thought that he was entitled to such respect as reigning monarchs usually receive. The Legitimist organ was, however, determined to show how far disrespect for a reigning monarch could go. It first published three letters supposed to have been written by LOUIS PHILIPPE during the time of the First Empire; and, finding the interest of its readers awakened, it proceeded a few days later to give three letters purporting to have been written by the KING since his accession to the crown. These letters were adroitly constructed so as to do the KING as much harm as possible. In 1841 the public mind was much excited against England on account of the difficulties to which the Syrian question had given rise; and the first letter accordingly was supposed to have been written by the KING to the English Ambassador at Paris, and to have assured him that the KING was not unmindful of the engagements of his family towards England, and was prepared to surrender Algeria to England as soon as public opinion in France made the step possible. Throughout his reign LOUIS PHILIPPE was accused of truckling to Russia, and there can be no doubt that he lived in constant terror of a coalition against France, of which the Czar should be the guiding spirit. Poland was therefore selected as the sub-

ject of the second letter. That France had a vague wish to assist the Poles during their insurrection, and had to abandon their cause in face of the enormous difficulties which active interference would have evoked, was notorious. For the KING to have written in this sense would have done him no harm. The letter, therefore, made him assume a very different tone. He was made to describe himself as having been the real author of the disasters of Poland, and as entitled to the eternal gratitude of St. Petersburg for the very clever way in which he had baffled, thwarted, and deluded the Poles. Lastly, it was a constant, and in some respects a merited, reproach to LOUIS PHILIPPE throughout his reign that he had wandered very far away from the professions of liberty with which he had started. The third letter accordingly professed to embody the real views which he entertained towards the press. His correspondent was entreated to believe that the KING had never abandoned his attempt to gain a complete mastery over the press, the most dangerous of his enemies. A large section of journalists had already been bought or won over, and the rest would follow. By his adroitness the sting had been taken out of the press, and Berlin, Vienna, and St. Petersburg were invited to recognize his services in a cause which he and they had equally at heart. The Government determined to prosecute the manager of the Legitimist journal for publishing forgeries, and there was a trial which at the time produced much sensation, BERRYER being retained for the defence. It was stated that the letters had been sent over from London by an adventuress named Mme. DE SAINT ELMA, and that they had been sent to the journal by the Marquis of LAROCHE-JACQUELIN, who said that he had shown them to several persons devoted to LOUIS PHILIPPE, who all recognized the handwriting of the KING. The letters themselves were not forthcoming, which BERRYER boldly explained by saying that Mme. DE SAINT ELMA lived in London, and that under the English law she might be tried and hanged for forging them. The end of the trial was that the manager was acquitted by the jury, and the incident passed into the obscurity from which it has been just extricated by the ingenuity of modern journalism.

We will now turn to a very different example of what is written and published in the foreign press. The illustration is drawn from Belgium, and has to do with current politics. An article was published last week by a Belgian paper which calls itself the *Friend of the People*. A great strike is going on at Charleroi, and the workmen are so excited, and have made such approaches to actual violence, that the Government has thought fit, not only to send troops to the spot, but to forbid the transportation of arms from one part of Belgium to another. In this state of things the *Friend of the People* has given to the world what is said to be a manifesto of the associated workmen. It sets out with stating that the rapacity of employers in reducing wages by twenty per cent. is more than the workmen can bear. They are therefore determined to claim their right to live. But they cannot stand or fall alone. The small shopkeepers must starve or flourish with them. They, equally with the miners, are the victims of great capitalists. They will have to shut up their shops if the workmen have no longer money to spend there. They should therefore make common cause with their customers. They have no interests in unison with those of the *haute bourgeoisie*. They do not profit by the lavish expenditure of those to whom everything is given that is good in the world. They are not *fournisseurs du roi*. Their lot is simply to be sold up by those who are more lucky than themselves. In fact, there is no saying how general will be the ruin unless workmen get such wages as they think proper. The locomotive will rust in the station, the empty waggons will encumber the rails. With a full consciousness of what they are doing, the associated miners have declared war, a fierce implacable war, in which they invite the small shopkeepers to assist them, against the parasites and leeches of the proletariat. Every man who has any wise or humane feeling left is called on to aid in this great undertaking, for the success of which the miners are prepared to undergo the most extreme sacrifices. There need be no illusion as to what they mean. Their motto is "Du pain ou du plomb"—"Feed us or we will shoot you"—which, it may be observed, has great merits as a motto, being eminently terse, simple, and unmistakable. The miners count on the great army of workers to beat to the earth that monster, the capitalist,

and say that they will wage the contest with equal firmness and coolness, disregarding the provocations of the numerous gendarmes whom the proprietors of the mines have summoned to guard the coal that has been got out of the earth by the sweat of the workman's brow. A sort of quaint concession to human weakness is made at the end of the manifesto by terming the struggle on which the workmen have embarked "pacific and legal," so that even timid consciences need not fear fighting under the device of "Bread or bullets," and men of a great variety of dispositions may unite to prepare "the coming of the kingdom of work."

The state of things in which it is possible that forged letters purporting to be written by a reigning monarch since his accession should be published, and that an appeal should be made in a newspaper to workmen and shopkeepers to march under the inspiring influence of such a motto as "Bread or bullets," is the state with which the Governments of such countries as France and Belgium have to deal. In France each sovereign in turn is regarded as an adventurer temporarily successful, and the friends of other adventurers think every means fair by which his period of success may be as much shortened as possible. He is like the promoter of a rotten Company whose prospectus has happened to tickle the public, and the promoters of rival Companies run him down in order to start their own Companies. Lyons appears to have had the honour of inventing the brilliant motto to which Belgians are now asked to attach themselves, and Lyons would be as ready as Charleroi to put its motto in practice, but that experience has made it less comfortable than a novice would be in speaking of its contempt for gendarmes. No doubt there are some advantages in the liberty of the press, however extreme. LOUIS PHILIPPE learnt from the history of his imaginary letters the real temper of such distinguished persons as the Marquis of LAROCHEJACQUELIN, and quiet Belgians are saved from all misapprehension when they know that "Bread or bullets" is the motto of the men on strike. But it must be owned that it is very difficult to govern a country where the liberty of the press takes this extreme form. When in England we speak of the liberty of the press, this is not usually the kind of liberty to which we refer. To publish forged letters purporting to have been written by the reigning monarch would be simply impossible; and it would not only be impossible now, but it would have been equally impossible during the whole period of the existence of the English press in its modern shape. Possibly a parallel to the utterances of the Belgian journal, with its sanguinary manifesto, might be found in English records of former days. But at any rate no such utterance would be tolerated in England now. We have got beyond the stage of society in which people avow that "Bread or bullets" is their motto; or, if we may apprehend that the appearance of such a state of things may be one of the dangers of the future, there are no signs of it at present. There is here a limit imposed partly by law, but much more by public opinion, on the liberty of the press. How this restraining influence acts, and what are its origin and extent, it might be difficult to describe accurately. But every one sees and feels that it does act. In France and Belgium it does not act. Nothing but sheer force keeps down the gravest scandals in France. The liberty of the press is there apt to be abused as much as it can be abused. Possibly, excessive repression aggravates the evil which it strives to cure, and France seems to try in vain one experiment after another for establishing satisfactory relations between the Government and the press. But at any rate it must be owned that it is not fair to judge of foreign societies simply by what we know of English society. They cannot be expected altogether to imitate us, when the circumstances in which they are placed are so different from those with which we are familiar.

THE FRENCH MINISTRY.

THE cohesion of M. BUFFET's Cabinet is a phenomenon in politics. It was by a miracle that the component parts were brought together in the first instance, and the original miracle has been outdone by the marvel of their keeping together. Since Saturday last the Ministerial pitcher has again made its journey to the well, and, contrary to all reasonable expectation, has again come back unbroken. For a moment the pieces seemed to have finally parted company, but a little firm pressure from Marshal MACMAHON has riveted them apparently as firmly as ever.

M. BUFFET's attitude in the business has been consistent with his whole previous policy. Ever since he took office he has persistently ignored the only principle on which it seemed possible for a Coalition Ministry to be worked. The inability of the Cabinet to put forth a statement of the policy which they wished the electors to support by their votes has all along been recognized. Within the Ministry, as well as beyond it, the Republic is a word of many meanings. The natural inference from this admitted inability to frame a common confession of faith would have been abstinence from any official expression of preference for one confession of faith over another. A prudent regard for their own success, if not for their own comfort, will prevent any but very extreme candidates on either side from declaring themselves hostile to Marshal MACMAHON; and for the rest M. BUFFET might have been content to employ those unostentatious modes of bringing influence to bear upon the electors which a French Minister of the Interior knows so well how to command. M. BUFFET's idea of managing a Cabinet which only subsists by agreeing to leave almost everything an open question until after the elections was to issue orders to his subordinates to do all in their power to promote the return of Conservative candidates. To promote the return of one candidate means to oppose the return of another, and it unfortunately happened that among those whom the MINISTER of the INTERIOR wished to oppose were some whom the MINISTER of JUSTICE and the MINISTER of FINANCE wished to support. It is a singular instance of the want of familiarity with coalitions and compromises which has so often been a danger in French politics that it should not have occurred to M. BUFFET that, when he and M. DUFAURE agreed to carry on the Government jointly, they would have to leave undone things which they could not agree to do together. M. BUFFET's theory of a coalition Government may be vulgarly, but accurately, expressed in the formula, "Heads I win; tails you lose." The MINISTER of the INTERIOR is to do anything he likes; the MINISTER of JUSTICE is to do nothing which the MINISTER of the INTERIOR does not like.

The way in which this theory of Ministerial harmony worked in the present instance seems to have been this. M. LÉON SAY has allowed his name to appear on a list of candidates for the Senate in conjunction with the names of M. FERAY and M. BOUCHER, whom M. BUFFET professes to regard as open enemies of Marshal MACMAHON's Government. There is an obvious inconvenience in the election of a Cabinet Minister being opposed by the subordinates of another Minister, and the only way of getting over this difficulty that seems to have presented itself to M. BUFFET was to drive M. LÉON SAY into resigning. Probably M. BUFFET was served by men of less austere temperament than himself, for there appeared in the *Figaro* of Saturday an article directed against the FINANCE MINISTER so scurrilous in tone and substance that it is impossible to believe that M. BUFFET knew of it beforehand, while at the same time there is every reason to suppose that it would not have been published without the acquiescence of the MINISTER of the INTERIOR in its general drift being first ascertained. According to the *Times*' Correspondent the Ministerial crisis opened with Marshal MACMAHON being discovered by M. BUFFET in the act of reading this very article. His notions of soldierly discipline were perhaps somewhat outraged by the discord thus suddenly revealed to him, and upon hearing from M. BUFFET that, though he knew nothing of the punishment dealt out to M. LÉON SAY, he was thoroughly displeased with his conduct, the MARSHAL's natural impulse was to send for M. LÉON SAY and give him the choice of taking his name off the senatorial list or resigning his seat in the Cabinet. M. LÉON SAY accepted the latter alternative, and M. DUFAURE and M. WALLON declared themselves prepared to follow his example. This was pushing matters further than at all suited M. BUFFET's purpose. To have got rid of M. LÉON SAY would have been to weaken the Liberal element in the Cabinet, while the advantages that flow from the presence of such an element would have been retained. But to get rid of M. DUFAURE and M. WALLON into the bargain would have been to turn the Liberal element out of the Cabinet just at the moment when its presence there is especially important as a means of catching Liberal votes. One expedient after another was suggested in order to avert the catastrophe, and the one finally adopted was the issue of a Proclamation to the French people, signed by Marshal MACMAHON, and countersigned by M. BUFFET.

As the object of this Proclamation is to put an end to a Ministerial crisis, and as to all appearance it has had the effect which it was designed to have, it must so far be pronounced a successful move. If we attempt to go any further, and to decide why it should have had this result, it is not so easy to form an opinion about it. It is a very harmless Proclamation, and M. BUFFET's name is quite in place at the foot of it. But M. DUBAURE's would have been just as much in place; indeed, if we care to carry on the speculation, there seems no possible reason why it should not equally have been countersigned by M. GAMBETTA. It begins by reminding the French people that they have now obtained what they wished for five years ago—namely, order and peace, and that the senators and deputies whom they are about to elect will have to work with the PRESIDENT of the REPUBLIC in maintaining order and peace. This co-operation will be afforded by giving a sincere support to the Constitutional Laws. France needs repose, and the way to ensure repose is to postpone the revision of her new institutions until there has been time for them to be honestly tried. They can only be honestly tried by a steadfast adherence to a policy which is at once Conservative and truly Liberal; and in order to secure this adherence, the MARSHAL invites all who place the defence of social order, respect for law, and patriotic devotion above their recollections, or aspirations, or party engagements, to rally round his Government. This is precisely the language used by the Republican party both of the Constitution and of the PRESIDENT. No one proposes to revise the one or to displace the other before 1880. M. GAMBETTA would probably be very well satisfied if he could feel assured that the Constitutional Laws would have undergone no violent changes by that time. Five years of uninterrupted working would be the best testimony to character that Republican institutions could possibly receive. Even the announcement that it is necessary not only to disarm those who might disturb the security of sacred rights and legitimate interests in the present, but to discourage those who threaten it in the future by the propagation of anti-social doctrines and revolutionary programmes, need not disturb the Parliamentary adversaries of M. BUFFET. They are equally ready to say the same thing. It is only irreconcilables like M. NAQUET who can now be said to have any connexion with revolutionary programmes. The Republicans whom M. BUFFET really fears are as loud in their denunciations of revolution as he is himself. We do not mean, of course, that there is no real difference between the views of the Minister and the views of the Republican Opposition. Probably there is much which the latter would consider as consistent with strict fidelity to the Constitution which M. BUFFET would set down as revolutionary in the highest degree. But the question at present is not so much what makes the real difference between M. BUFFET's views and those of the Republican Opposition, as what success M. BUFFET has had in devising a formula which shall convey this difference to the world. Under this aspect the MARSHAL's Proclamation is singularly unfortunate, because singularly unmeaning. No doubt it says nothing to which M. LÉON SAY and M. DUBAURE cannot heartily assent; but then, on the other hand, it says nothing to which the very persons at whom the Proclamation is aimed cannot assent with equal fervour. If M. BUFFET instructs his subordinates only to oppose those candidates who do not declare their acceptance of the MARSHAL's Proclamation, his subordinates will have an easy time of it.

There is another side, however, to the Proclamation in which it is less harmless. A Constitutional King might say many things which in any one else's mouth would be truisms, but which in the mouth of the Sovereign would be exceedingly indecorous. It would not be fair to apply to Marshal MACMAHON the strict rules by which the acts of the QUEEN of ENGLAND or the KING of the BELGIANS would be judged. The French tolerate in their rulers a more active participation in public affairs than the subjects of limited monarchies are accustomed to, and Marshal MACMAHON's position is sufficiently out of the common to make some degree of intervention excusable. As regards the wisdom of his intervention at the present time and for the present object the case is different. If Marshal MACMAHON were, like M. THIERS, his own Prime Minister, and subject, in his own estimation at all events, to be dismissed by a vote of the Legislature, his appeal to the electors to give him a Parliament after his mind would be open to no criticism. The electors would know that,

in voting for this or that candidate, they were really voting for Marshal MACMAHON, or for whatever President a majority hostile to Marshal MACMAHON might think fit to put in his place. But Marshal MACMAHON has been appointed President for a fixed term; he cannot be displaced by any ordinary process until the end of that term; and he is bound, so long as he holds office, to accept such Ministers as the Legislature chooses to impose upon him. The publication of such an appeal as that contained in this Proclamation must either mean that, unless his present Cabinet obtains a majority in the elections, he himself will not remain in office, or that, if the present Cabinet does not obtain a majority in the elections, he intends to keep it in power. At least, if it is not intended to bear either of these senses, it can only be taken as a simple appeal *ad misericordiam*. Of course, the MARSHAL must be understood to say, I will accept any Ministers you choose to give me; but do, as a favour, give me the sort I like best. It seems doubtful whether the MARSHAL's reputation will be permanently raised, or his position strengthened, by an address of this kind. Both have been sacrificed to keep the Cabinet from going to pieces. In M. BUFFET's eyes the dignity of the Executive is a subordinate consideration by the side of his own continuance in power. The question he asks himself is, not how the PRESIDENT's Government is to be carried on, but how to make sure that it shall be carried on by no one except M. BUFFET.

THE LIBERAL PARTY AND ITS ADVISERS.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT's third speech at Oxford was eloquent, sensible, and entirely consistent with his first. Addressing the local Liberal Association, he was compelled to assume that the Liberal party had a purpose as well as a policy; but, as neither he nor his constituents had any special measure to propose, he judiciously confined himself to a disquisition on political strategy and some cognate topics. A still more urgent necessity was the maintenance of discipline; and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT was anxious to inculcate, by example as well as by precept, the primary duty of implicit obedience to superior orders. If Mr. GLADSTONE were disposed to expatiate on the several distinctive merits of his principal followers, he would not perhaps select Sir W. HARCOURT as the most perfect model of unhesitating docility. Lord HARTINGTON is more fortunate in commanding the services of a lieutenant who awaits in invincible patience the decision of his chief. "You and I," says Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT to the members of the Liberal Association, "are but privates; and "it is not for us to issue general orders." The analogy between parties and armies is obvious and familiar, though, like analogies in general, it is not absolutely complete. Soldiers have no opinions, and as a rule they have not the choice of their general. Sir W. HARCOURT concurred in the appointment of Lord HARTINGTON as leader because he felt confidence in the soundness of his principles. At Oxford he seemed to place himself at the disposal of his superior, according to the Jesuit formula, *perinde ac cadaver*. Orators, however, even when they pursue a metaphor too far, are wont eventually to resume the thread of their more serious argument. It appears that it is not exclusively from regard to discipline that Sir W. HARCOURT adopts Lord HARTINGTON's policy of expectation. On the contrary, he enthusiastically compares his leader to the famous Roman general whose name is proverbially associated with delay. Lord HARTINGTON exhibits the profound sagacity which earned for QUINTUS FABIVS MAXIMUS the surname of "Cunctator." In the present day the leader of the Opposition is alone capable of restoring the fortunes of his party by waiting. The illustration from ancient history was not the less impressive because Sir W. HARCOURT's recollections of LIVY are somewhat hazy. It was not FABIVS who, after the halt at Capua, confined HANNIBAL to the southern provinces of Italy, and ultimately compelled him to evacuate the country; but perhaps it may be the fortune of Lord HARTINGTON to drive Mr. DISRAELI from office, and to take his place.

The more serious part of Sir W. HARCOURT's speech well deserves attention. The Liberal party is not, in fact, agreed on any definite course of policy; and it would be dishonest, if it were practicable, to construct at present a programme or a platform. The word programme is, as Sir W. HARCOURT says, not English, and the word

platform has happily long since emigrated to America. Neither phrase is required to express the principles which unite English parties. If the Liberal party were agreed on the advocacy of household suffrage in counties, on disestablishment, or on the redistribution of landed property, it would agitate for those changes under their respective descriptions. Although political zealots may denounce the epicurean laxity of their more prudent allies, no practice can be more immoral than the invention of Liberal measures for the purpose of advancing the interests of the party. It is indispensable to the sound working of the Constitution that the Government of the time should be watched and checked by a vigilant Opposition; but if both parties happen for the time to be substantially agreed, it is not the duty of the leaders of the minority to devise artificial pretexts of quarrel. Sir W. HARCOURT may be trusted not to omit any opportunity of sarcastic comment on Ministerial failures. He and his friends hope that, after all, the Suez purchase may furnish occasion for profitable attacks on the Government. It was perhaps a pity to waste on a provincial meeting the epigram on a Government which makes an investment first and then sends out a Commission to investigate its value; but, on the whole, a neat fallacy produces the best effect when there is no risk of an answer on the spot. The new Fugitive Slave Circular promises still better sport. The antithesis between the Scylla of bad law and the Charybdis of a worse policy ought, on grounds of rhetorical economy, to have been reserved for the House of Commons.

Mr. THOROLD ROGERS, who takes a more earnest or more melancholy view of affairs, in a letter to the *Daily News*, answered Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT by anticipation. In his opinion the Fabian policy is an appeal to faction. "It means, if it means anything, that the party of reform is to be patient till the English nation suffers some serious loss or indignity." Nor is the belief that the Conservative party will give chances to the Opposition, in Mr. ROGERS's judgment, well founded. The present Government has, as he says, given more or less satisfaction to the tenant-farmers, to the Trade-Unions, and to the sanitary reformers. There is reason to fear that, if the Liberal leaders are not beforehand with Mr. DISRAELI, he will detach other sections of their followers by means of additional concessions. Mr. ROGERS, like other members of the same section of the Liberal party, thinks that the only way of baffling the tactics of an insidious adversary is to outbid him. "In 1868," he says, "the Liberal party under Mr. GLADSTONE put a question before the country, and got no doubtful answer. Has Lord HARTINGTON no question to ask?" Perhaps, before Lord HARTINGTON asks a question, he may think it expedient to ascertain the probable answer. When Mr. GLADSTONE suddenly determined to return to office by destroying the Irish Church, he calculated, as the result proved, with accuracy on the support of the constituency. In 1874 he asked another question, and he received a different answer. Mr. ROGERS foretells that Mr. GLADSTONE's reputation "will be far greater in time to come than that of any man who has occupied the station of Prime Minister yet." It was necessary to account for the fall of an unparalleled Minister, and the votary admits, with laudable candour, some superficial imperfections in his hero. Mr. ROGERS "will not go so far as to say, as he has heard some say, that Mr. GLADSTONE had the singular faculty of making his merits and demerits equally odious, but no one can allege that he was a genial Minister." It is perfectly true that Mr. GLADSTONE never advocated a change of the justice and expediency of which he was not fully convinced; but the proposition would be more accurately stated in the converse form. Mr. GLADSTONE always profoundly believed in the justice and expediency of any measure which he for the moment chose to advocate. His convictions varied incessantly, but he never doubted that he was in the right.

Mr. ROGERS probably stands alone in his belief that the late Ministers became unpopular because they were too much devoted to repose. "The men who bid us wait were the men whom the English people said they would have nothing to do with any longer. There was hardly a member in the late Administration who did not share a general odium." Nearly all political observers have arrived at the opposite conclusion that the Conservative reaction was produced by the incessant restlessness of the late Ministers. When Mr. GLADSTONE interposed only the

delay of three of his peculiar processes of thought between the House of Lords and its abolition; when Mr. BRUCE by his first Bill threatened every publican in the kingdom with ruin; when Mr. GOSCHEN proposed to sell off the College estates, even zealous Liberals were perplexed and alarmed, and a general feeling pervaded the country that no interest and no institution was safe. Mr. ROGERS says with truth that the country owes much to the Liberal party for what it did between 1832 and 1872. He apparently forgets that during the forty years of Liberal supremacy there were long intervals of judicious inaction, as when Lord JOHN RUSSELL advised the country to rest and be thankful, and when Lord PALMERSTON earned unbounded popularity by steadily discouraging all proposals of organic innovation. It was because Lord JOHN RUSSELL attempted to revive his popularity by reopening the question of Reform that he was soon afterwards superseded by his more moderate rival. Lord PALMERSTON had certainly not the faculty of making either his merits or his demerits odious. There is no reason why the Liberal party should be in a hurry to return to power, although Sir W. HARCOURT probably underrates the chances of office to others, if not to himself. Sooner or later some great measure of change will be supported by a majority which may possibly not include the moderate section of the Liberal party. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. LEATHAM will then rejoice in the discomfiture of their opponents, and perhaps still more warmly in the defection of their uncongenial allies. In the meantime Lord HARTINGTON may be excused for maintaining, and Sir W. HARCOURT for vindicating, a policy which has the merit of sincerity and simplicity.

FOREIGN LOANS.

ALMOST every day sees some meeting of unfortunate bondholders who are called together to condole with each other, or to listen to some scheme for getting them out of the extreme depths of distress. Their private sorrows so far benefit the public as to offer an instructive warning to future investors; and the warning which was begun by the announcement of the suspension of payment on their bonds is completed by the picture of their difficulties when they begin to take steps to retrieve what may be possible of their loss. It is always possible that a Government unable to pay much may pay something. It may be so far an honourable Government that it will wish to pay what it can pay, simply because it does not like altogether to belie its promises. Turkey appears to be in this position. It announces that it can pay and will pay half of what it owes, but can pay no more. As a matter of fact, the January coupons have been met to the extent of one-half of their nominal amount in cash, although it is said that the money was scraped together with the utmost difficulty. It is utterly futile to suppose that Turkey can pay more than half the coupons as they fall due, and it seems very doubtful whether she can continue to pay so much. If the bondholders could invent a new Turkey after their own heart, could place there a wise and economical Government, and have everything carried on by efficient and honest administrators, they might no doubt get more; but this is impossible, and what they can practically look for is the amount which the existing Turkish Government, under very embarrassing circumstances, can collect beyond the expenses necessary for its existence. The several classes of Turkish bondholders have also conflicting claims as between themselves, into which it is not necessary to enter further than to say that investors have now learnt that the assignment of special securities for different loans gives no real advantage, unless the securities are of a kind which have an independent value in themselves and are distinct pieces of property to which the legal tribunals of the country would give an effectual title in case of default. The lesson to be drawn from the default of Turkey is that the real willingness and anxiety of a country to pay what it can is an appreciable element in the value of its bonds; but that, when default is made, the most honest country can only pay what it can, and that its ability to pay much is lessened by the very causes which have led to the default. In very exceptional cases, of which Egypt may be one, a foreign Government may be both able and willing to mend its ways, to place itself under tutelage, to do what is economically best. In such a case the bondholders may gladly submit to a tempo-

any reduction of interest. They get less, but what they get is secure. But it is by no means certain as yet that the Viceroy will continue to wish for good advice and will continue to take it. If he does, the circumstances under which Egypt is now are so very peculiar that no conclusion can be drawn from it in other instances. Russia, for example, is a country that enjoys a credit which, speaking roughly, may be said to be as good as that of France. But no one knows anything whatever of the financial position of Russia. The financial position of France can be estimated with tolerable accuracy; but of that of Russia no approach to a calculation can be made. The credit of Russia is high simply because the Russian Government has always paid hitherto, and is known to be most honourably sensitive as to its credit. But if Russia is ever unable to pay in full, it can but do its utmost, and the causes which will have produced its embarrassment, whether war or unprofitable extension of enterprise or territory, will not be of a kind that its creditors can hope to see easily remedied or removed.

In a vague and general way, every nation would like to pay its debts, but with some nations the motive operates in a languid and ineffectual manner. A nation with small or embarrassed resources is shown by ingenious speculators how to take advantage of the fatal readiness of English and other European investors to lend their money in utter ignorance of why they lend it. The money is spent or pocketed somehow, and the borrowing nation finds itself unable to meet its engagements. It then considers what course it shall take; and when the desire to pay for the mere sake of honour and credit is not strong, the practical question which it tries to solve is whether it will answer best to make an effort to pay as much as it can pay or not. If it cannot see how it is to exist at all without new foreign capital, it will agree to anything that gives it a hope of existence. The Paraguay bondholders have just been cheered with an offer to allow a bank to be created with fresh English money, which is to do wonders for them, is to take everything the Government has got to give, and to manage Paraguay for the benefit of its creditors. Whether Paraguay is the sort of country that can be properly managed by a bank and a standing army of 400 men is a question open to free and fair discussion. But if an insolvent nation can get on somehow without new foreign capital, it may see no use in struggling to pay something on its debt. It is said that the news of its repudiation was received in Peru with a feeling of satisfaction and relief. How far this feeling may have extended we have no means of saying; but the experience gained from South American Republics warrants the supposition that it would be largely entertained. A country which takes this line has to pocket its pride, and many special classes suffer from a state of contented insolvency. All mercantile operations are carried on under a great disadvantage when the country where they are carried on is indifferent to repudiation, and the country as a whole grows poorer, apart from the fact of no new capital being introduced. But to a large proportion of the inhabitants it seems a wise and proper and clever thing to escape from the extra taxation that would be necessary in order to pay the interest, or a part of the interest, due on a foreign debt. The money seems to be kept at home, instead of being wasted on outsiders. There is also the comfortable supposition that not to pay anything is really the kindest thing for the bondholders themselves. They cannot get anything unless the country is kept quiet, and security produces wealth; and to pay for the army and the administration is regarded as an indirect payment to the bondholders. When this wise course has produced its proper fruits, then the really good time for the bondholders will come, and a cautious offer to pay them a few halfpence in the pound may be looked on with favour.

Besides these two warnings, that honest Governments being unable to alter their ways of going on can only pay what they can pay, and that some nations see advantages in insolvency, investors have lately had a third warning which they may profitably consider. They must have seen that the market is only a very faint and feeble guide to the real value of securities. In one way this must be always true, for the price of the day will always in some measure depend on the amount of money in the market seeking investment. Recently the large accumulations of savings which are always going on in England have been diverted from investment in stocks thought precarious,

and have been poured into those channels which find favour with steady and cautious investors. The consequence has been a rise in the price of the better class of securities, which has in many instances forced them to a point above what they can be expected to command in the average of years. If trade revives, and new avenues of enterprising investment are opened, investors must expect to see a fall in the price of those securities which now stand unusually high. But the chief cause of the fluctuations of the market is gambling; and the great instrument of gambling is the propagation of false rumours, which the telegraph supplies in endless abundance. A rumour, slightly true, if put in a wrong form, does as well as a thoroughly false rumour for gambling purposes, and it is quite an exception when a telegram is right at first. It is only the gambling world that is much excited by these rumours and the consequent fluctuations in price, and the world of gamblers is always the same. Living in excitement, it catches up anything that excites it, and it hurries to act without inquiry into the ground of action. The difficulty of checking rumours is now much increased by the international character of Stock Exchange gambling. There seems always to be a chance that something may be known at Paris which is not known in London; and when prices are technically said to come bad from Paris, our market droops in a minute, although in the infinite majority of such cases Paris is not a bit wiser as to what is going on than London is. As the banks lend money freely on stocks with a slight margin, the opportunity of entering this great gambling world is easily obtained. Things also are most comfortably managed there—far more so than on the Turf. There is no crowding with roughs, or standing out in the rain at dismal little country places. Besides, there is, as it were, a race coming off every hour of every day on the Stock Exchange, and nothing on the Turf can compete with this. According to present appearances, there seems every probability that this new and great excitement of modern life will continue to be pursued with increasing alacrity. Investors must therefore more and more discard from their thoughts the price of the day when they attempt to estimate the value of the securities they hold.

THE ERITH STRIKE.

THE result of the Erith strike, as of all similar experiments, will be determined by a comparison of forces rather than by a conflict of reasons. If the men are stronger than the employers, not merely at Erith, but throughout the trade, they will care little for any demonstration that they are economically and morally in the wrong. It is not only among the engineers that the Trade Unions are active. In the Swansea Valley ten or twelve collieries are now closed, because the masters and the men interpret differently the terms of a recent award. Cases of rattening have once more occurred at Sheffield, which has long maintained its pre-eminence in lawless tyranny. The war which is habitually carried on by combinations of workmen is not waged exclusively against the employers of labour, or against the general community which suffers by increased cost of production. The masters are for the most part struck through that section of the men which is forced into the observance of arbitrary restrictions. BROADHEAD and his successors at Sheffield have habitually directed their criminal attempts against industrious and comparatively independent members of their own class. It does not appear that the men on strike at Erith were generally dissatisfied with the mode in which the works were conducted; and, whatever may be the precise circumstances under which the strike began, the influence of the Union may be distinctly traced in the refusal of the men to accept the work offered to them. It would be idle to expect that men who are ready to sacrifice the comfort of themselves and their families should consider the heavy loss which their act may perhaps inflict on their employers; but it is possible that they may feel a passing regret for the injury which is suffered by other artisans. In engineers' shops, as in all manufacturing establishments, many separate operations are designed for a common object by men of different trades. Workers in wood are dependent on the miscellaneous activity of workers in iron, and in each kind of industry there are various subdivisions.

A general strike or lock-out of engineers might reduce

to idleness a much larger number of workmen who have no claim on the funds of the Union. The only security against such a misfortune is to be found in the employment of competent substitutes for the workmen on strike. It is to guard against the risk of free competition that the Trade-Unions and their advocates have systematically denounced all laws which might diminish their power of coercion. The Erith engineers have rendered their cordon of pickets so effective as to have hitherto maintained a successful blockade of Messrs. EASTON'S works. Skilled workmen who would gladly have earned good wages on fair conditions have been persuaded or frightened into an abandonment of their purpose of seeking employment. The proportions in which choice and terror have respectively contributed to the result can only be ascertained by conjecture, but it is evident that the process of picketing is wholly superfluous as a contrivance for giving information to applicants. Artisans out of work who approach Messrs. EASTON'S premises must already know both of the vacancies which they seek to fill and of the causes which create a demand for labour. In this case also the victims of trade combination belong to the class which the Unions undertake to regulate and protect. A manufacturer may sometimes suspend production with little loss, or, in exceptional cases, with actual advantage to himself. Workmen who are coerced into a strike, workmen in other trades whose industry is inseparably connected with the suspended industry, and workmen who are by force or fear prevented from supplying the place of the malcontents, all suffer without compensation. The confident assertion that Trade-Unions have on the whole raised the condition of the working classes may possibly be true, and in any case it cannot be disproved. The evils and drawbacks, on the other hand, are enormous and indisputable; but there is little advantage in arguing against the use or abuse of a legal right. The favourite teachers of the working classes have always impressed upon them the duty of looking exclusively to the interests of their own class. That any advantage which may result is obtained at the cost of capitalists and consumers, candid supporters of Trade-Unions would admit.

A calculation of the comparative resources of the employers and the men could only be valuable if it were undertaken with special knowledge of the circumstances of the trade. If there is only a question of prolonged endurance, the masters can afford to wait better than the men. A general lock-out would, according to an authoritative statement, deprive them within two or three weeks of wages equal in amount to the accumulated fund of the Engineers' Association. A partial suspension of labour would of course afford the men a better chance of success. For the masters, as far as they regard their own interests alone, the most pressing question is whether their contracts are likely to be abandoned, or only to be postponed. The active competition of Germany, France, and Belgium is ready to profit by any slackness of work in England. The Employers' Association, which will determine the course to be adopted by the masters, is in possession of all the materials on which a judgment will be formed. There is no doubt that a general lock-out is a cumbrous and invidious operation; but, on the other hand, partial strikes, especially where they are commenced under the orders of a Trade Council, are deliberate acts of hostility, which can only be encountered by vigorous measures. By their obedience to the commands of the Union the men on strike admit that they belong to a great organization, and their fellow-members are jointly responsible for the decision of their chosen rulers. There is too much reason to fear that both the parties to the dispute will suffer permanent loss from the diversion of trade to foreign countries. If the employers, who are alone capable of foreseeing the consequences of the struggle, think it better to resist than to yield, some indication will be afforded of the weight of oppression to which they would otherwise be subject.

Although no appeal to the moral judgment of a class which has an ethical code of its own will produce an immediate result, even Trade-Unions have sometimes shown a desire to enlist public opinion on their side. In the present dispute the engineers are, according to ordinary standards of judgment, utterly in the wrong. The Secretary of the Amalgamated Engineers expresses the inveterate hostility of his Association to piece-work, or, in other words, to free competition among workmen and just dealings between men and employers. Mr. BURNETT says

that piece-work is selfish, meaning that it promotes the interest of the ablest workmen. In the same sense independent labour and property are selfish, while the true principle of society is communism. Not that Trade-Unions are consistent even in their efforts to maintain an arbitrary and unnatural equality. The skilled workmen of the organization are only equal among themselves; for it is essential to the attainment of their objects that they should rule the other members of their privileged aristocracy. The workmen who are excluded from Messrs. EASTON'S employment by the system of pickets are not participants in the equality which would be impaired by the adoption of piece-work. The best workmen, as in every other department of human activity, form a minority; and consequently they are outvoted, or perhaps they succumb to the public opinion of the greater number. Their emancipation from a mischievous despotism would be greatly beneficial to themselves, and it would also tend to goodness and cheapness of production. The consequent encouragement of trade would probably secure even to second-rate workmen as large a remuneration as that which they now receive at the expense of consumers and of their more skilful companions. An equal price for large loaves and small loaves, for strong beer and for weak beer, for gold and for silver, would be strictly analogous to the rule that workmen are not to be paid in proportion to the quantity and quality of their work. The equal division of the fund applicable to wages among all who are entitled to share is a formula which bristles with fallacious assumptions. There is no fixed wage-fund, and there is no definite class which is entitled to divide the amount which may at any time be paid. The Unions indeed, by their rules of apprenticeship and by other methods, are constantly struggling to exclude competition; but an unprivileged workman and a consumer, with or without the intervention of an employer, have the fullest right to bargain between themselves. The antagonistic right of Unionist workmen to band themselves together for the promotion of their own supposed interests is the more undeniable because it is impossible to prevent the combination. To the best members of their body, as well as to the whole remainder of the community, the utter failure of their assault on piece-work would be an unmixed advantage.

IRRESPONSIBLE ARMY REFORMERS.

IT is very desirable that, by the speeches of Mr. JOHN HOLMS or otherwise, the working-men of our large towns should be led to inquire and think on the subject of military administration. We have plenty of men of strength and courage, plenty of money, and perfect communications, and yet, if this country should be invaded, we could not concentrate anything like a sufficient army on the threatened point. The working-men who listen to Mr. HOLMS will at any rate be taught to regard invasion as possible, and not to rely upon the navy or upon luck to avert it. There are, says Mr. HOLMS, 7,000,000 of trained soldiers in Europe, and he asks whether, if 100,000 or 200,000 of these trained soldiers should ever attempt to take this country, his hearers would not think it wise to have men as well trained, morally and physically, as their foes. If the working classes can be got to look at the matter in this light, it may be hoped that the middle and upper classes will not allow themselves to be deceived by newspapers which undertake to expose Mr. HOLMS'S inaccuracies of detail. The substance of much that he has spoken and written is that one good soldier is worth more than two bad soldiers. In this we of course agree; but when Mr. HOLMS proceeds to infer that if, for every two bad soldiers that the country now has, it had one good soldier, it would have enough, we differ from him. He objects to the Mobilization scheme because it begins at the wrong end. It makes places for officers instead of providing men. But, if he is right, he only shows that a scheme to be sufficient ought to begin at both ends. He makes merry at the notion of placing a Scotch or Irish militia regiment in a corps which has its head-quarters at Dorking; but the authors of the scheme would be well pleased if he would find for them as good materials nearer at hand. It is only reasonable to expect that, in case of invasion, we should use our complete system of railways for rapid concentration of troops on threatened points, and this is what the scheme attempts.

He is very angry at a preference in some quarters for the old-fashioned Militia, which he ascribes to Toryism, and he wishes to substitute for it some new organization which he would call Reserve. But we will not dispute with him about words. No reasonable person supposes that that degree of training which sufficed for the militia one or two centuries ago would suffice now. On the other hand, it is desired, if possible, to give to a considerable body of men a sufficient training without withdrawing them altogether from their homes and industries. Mr. HOLMS rightly puts the standard of individual efficiency high, but his estimate of necessary numbers is dangerously low. He makes no adequate allowance for the waste of war. Nevertheless he has done good service by fixing the attention of Sheffield and Manchester on the necessity for an efficient National Insurance. How may an invasion by 100,000 or 200,000 disciplined enemies be most promptly met and crushed, remembering the enormous daily loss which we should suffer from a hostile army encamped upon our soil? If Mr. HOLMS looks at the Mobilization scheme from this point of view, he may perhaps see that there is something in it.

Suppose, for a moment, says Mr. HOLMS, that a foreign enemy threatened a descent upon Lancashire, and that all our strength was to be concentrated there without delay. It were to be wished that by his speeches or otherwise the men of Manchester could be made to suppose this, not for a moment, but perpetually. If such a threat were held out you would have, he says, the extraordinary spectacle of a regiment of militia travelling from Perth to Dorking, and from Dorking back again to Lancashire. Unless the enemy would be kind enough to tell us that he did not really mean to invade Sussex but Lancashire, this spectacle, however extraordinary Mr. HOLMS might think it, would be likely to exhibit itself to his perplexed vision. We should have the advantage, as it is commonly considered, of operating on interior lines, and our generals would endeavour to contrive some such extraordinary spectacle as was seen when General JACKSON shifted his army from the Shenandoah Valley to Richmond to oppose the real Federal invasion. If Mr. HOLMS can explain how Lancashire can be supplied with an army sufficient under all circumstances for its defence, the country will be glad to hear from him. He says, only too truly, that the authors of the Mobilization scheme fill up the vacancies among the men by creating a fictitious army of militiamen who have no real existence. And he says further that we have not only too few men, but too many officers. But surely it is an enormous exaggeration to say that "over-officering is one of the greatest dangers that exist in our military system." This is manifest prejudice, and a man who speaks under its influence falls an easy prey to journalists who defend the War Office in all that it does and leaves undone. Mr. HOLMS on one side is almost as unreasonable as the *Times* on the other. He insists that five army corps are sufficient for all our wants, whereas the Mobilization scheme proposes eight. It does not increase our confidence in his judgment on this point to find that he is supported by Mr. JACOB BRIGHT and Mr. MUNDELLA; and indeed, except Mr. GLADSTONE, he could scarcely find any persons to whose guidance we should be less willing to trust ourselves on this question. If we could be sure that the men of Manchester and Sheffield would, under all circumstances, be satisfied with a pacific policy in their rulers, we might expect that the country, if it did not get much glory, would escape invasion. But sooner or later some popular impulse will bring us suddenly to the verge of war, and perhaps of war which can only be satisfactorily conducted by sending troops abroad. If Mr. HOLMS bases his plan of military organization on assumptions as to foreign policy, he must obtain general acceptance for the latter before he asks us to discuss the former. The *Times*, professing to look at the future as it is likely to be, contends that our army is adequate to meet it. Mr. HOLMS, viewing the future as he thinks it ought to be, insists that our army might be made adequate to meet it without increase, and even with saving, of expense. We believe that both these advisers of the nation are equally wrong, and the best hope is that each may neutralize the influence of the other. Sober people will hesitate to believe that we have too many officers, while remaining entirely convinced that we have too few men.

Although we think that Mr. HOLMS is narrow-minded and imperfectly informed, we heartily wish him success in the undertaking which the *Times* describes as "a campaign

"with the object of exciting public discontent with the 'whole of the present military system.'" Intelligent men, seriously considering the subject, will be apt to see rather more in it than Mr. HOLMS points out. If it be assumed that invasion is possible, it must also be assumed that a large army would be employed in it, and therefore we must have a large army ready to meet it. If Mr. HOLMS has any definite plan at all, it must be that of a small army of well-paid and thoroughly efficient soldiers, which he thinks could cope successfully with larger numbers than their own. We can only say that it would be the height of folly to risk the safety and honour of this country on any such expectation. The Confederate soldiers did wonders by their own valour and their leaders' skill, but they were finally overwhelmed by the vast armies of the North. And if the road to this country were once opened, it would be kept open, and enemies in unlimited numbers would pass along it. We subscribe entirely to Mr. HOLMS's opinion as to the quality of CROMWELL's troops, but those admirable veterans, if we had them now, would fully understand the value of their own services. The speaker sets his audience against the Ballot, on the ground that it would only be the poor men who could not escape. It would, however, be open to artisans to form clubs for providing substitutes, as was done in the French war. But if in Manchester or Sheffield they prefer conscription, let them say so; and at any rate let them understand that the advantages which the speaker ascribes to the German system are obtained by conscription, and cannot easily be obtained in any other way. By a system of short service and deferred pay of adequate amount, it might be possible in course of years to create a numerous Reserve, and if that Reserve would be certainly forthcoming with proper equipment and organization, and in adequate numbers, whenever it was wanted, the problem of national defence would be solved. But whether this force were called Reserve or Militia would be unimportant. It is odd that Mr. HOLMS should be jealous of a force which Liberals of former times so greatly favoured. He talks of the "country party" in a sense different from that which the words bore two centuries ago. But if there be a "town party," or any other party that can make any rational proposal for creating a defensive army, let us hear what it has to offer. It looks very much as if Mr. HOLMS can make no such proposal. He talks in a vague way about a moderate force of well-selected and well-paid men, forgetting that an immoderate force might be brought against it. He sees, as others do, that if the War Office seriously undertakes to fill up the sketch which it has produced, it must ask for large additional means in money or money's worth, and this he is ready to refuse. But when the question is fully understood in the great towns, he will not carry their sensible, business-like inhabitants along with him. National security is too precious to be risked, and, although vigilant administration and economy may do much, they cannot enable one man to do two men's work.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE QUESTION.

IT is to be hoped that a little common sense will be applied to the consideration of the question of fugitive slaves. It is agreed on all hands that the Circular on the subject which was issued in the autumn was wholly indefensible; and there can be no doubt that, if the Ministry had not quietly dropped it, they would have placed themselves in a very dangerous position. The feelings of the country were strongly roused on a matter on which it is always very tender, and even the regular supporters of the Government shrank from supporting the obnoxious document. A second Circular has now been prepared, which, if it is not in all respects perfectly satisfactory, at least avoids the blunders of the former one, and deals with the subject in an intelligible and cautious manner. It will be seen, therefore, that the attempts which have been made to renew the suspended agitation on this question rest upon altogether different grounds from those which justified it in its original form. Meetings have lately been held at Birmingham, Worcester, Warrington, and other towns, at which very wild and extravagant speeches have been made, and resolutions passed denouncing the Government for having trampled under foot the traditions and convictions of the British people in regard to slavery, and basely surrendered cherished rights. It is assumed, in short, that hitherto it has

been the custom of England to offer an open refuge at all times and under all circumstances on board her ships to any slaves who chose to avail themselves of it. It is needless to say that, though public opinion in this country is sufficiently unanimous and decided in its abhorrence of slavery, and although slavery has been absolutely abolished under English law, the theory started at these meetings is purely imaginary. Many countries have imitated our example in abolishing slavery at home, and with others we have treaties which tend to check and mitigate the worst abuses of the system. But the principle has never been carried the length of defying the authority of a foreign State in its own waters. The meaning of the famous decision in the case of the negro *SOMERSET* is simply that, wherever English law prevails, there are no means of enforcing servitude; but it has never been attempted to impose English law forcibly on other nations in this respect. A distinction has always been drawn between the right of the slave to his liberty on English soil, or under the English flag on the high seas, and the obligation to receive or retain him on board an English ship in the territorial waters of another State. What may have been the motive for recently issuing new instructions on this subject has not yet been authentically stated; but nothing can be more unfair than to accuse the Government of any desire to alter the general understanding on this point which has hitherto prevailed. In 1865, when Lord PALMERSTON was in office, the Admiralty drew up a volume of instructions for naval officers, in which was pointed out "the distinction between the export of slaves, which Great Britain is determined to put down, and the system of domestic slavery, with which she does not claim to interfere." More recently, in 1871, under Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government, a Circular is said to have been issued in which it was stated that the Foreign Office had "decided that slaves coming on board British ships of war within the territorial jurisdiction of the country from which they escape—that is to say, within three miles of the shore—should be returned to the owners," except in cases where there is a treaty; and this goes a good deal further than the latest Circular, which says nothing about "owners," and does not positively prescribe the return of the fugitive.

The question which has to be determined in this case is not one of sentimental theory, but of practical expediency. We have to consider not only what we should like to do, but what it is that we can do. Whether or not it is the duty of England to declare war against slavery all over the world is a question which may fairly be discussed, but the consequences of assuming such responsibilities ought not to be ignored. It is significant that the speakers at the various meetings which have been held belong exclusively to what may be called the lower section of the Liberal party; and that the leaders as yet hold aloof. The temper in which the agitation is conducted is also indicated by the extravagance and absurdity of the arguments which are used. It is difficult, for example, to imagine a more reasonable and innocent proposition in its way than that, as stated in the revised Circular, "HER MAJESTY'S ships are not intended for the reception of persons other than their officers and crews." Yet this harmless truism, when read by Mr. DIXON at Birmingham, was considered a horribly atrocious doctrine, and was received with cries of "Shame." As a matter of fact, the British navy has definite duties to perform, which do not include those of a passenger service. As at present arranged, a ship has room and stores only for her own company; and it can readily be understood that the presence of strangers on board must be very embarrassing, and that it is only as an exceptional favour that they can be even temporarily received. This, at least, is the principle on which our ships of war are at present commissioned and equipped, and if it is thought desirable that England should henceforth offer free passages to all fugitive slaves who choose to accept the invitation, some provision must be made for this in the Navy Estimates. Another point on which the opponents of the Circular have betrayed their ignorance and confusion of mind is in regard to what is called the comity of nations. Mr. DIXON was not prepared to say what the meaning of the phrase was, but he admitted a general prejudice against international law as being usually "a relic of selfishness and barbarism," and declared that, if the "comity of nations," whatever it might be, stood in the way of helping slaves, it must be given up. It does not require much reflection to see that this is indeed—though perhaps Mr. DIXON scarcely saw it himself—

the alternative which has to be faced. We need not attempt a scientific definition of the "comity of nations" for Mr. DIXON'S benefit, but it may be said broadly to imply that sort of friendship and good-will which enables people to keep on good terms with each other. British ships of war are allowed to enter the territorial waters of a slave State on a well-understood footing; but, on the other hand, they are expected, as a natural return of courtesy, not to interfere offensively in the domestic affairs of the country. It is quite clear that there must be an end to both amity and comity if this condition is broken. It may or may not be a moral duty on the part of England to place her navy at the use of slaves in all parts of the world, but it is at least certain that communities which possess slaves will not tamely submit to have them taken from them in this way.

One of the resolutions at Birmingham declared that the conscience of the English nation holds the institution of slavery to be a crime; and the same might be said of the institution of polygamy, and of various other institutions which are popular in other countries, though condemned among ourselves. What would be said if British ships in the Bosphorus were thrown open to any discontented women of the harems on shore who wished to elope? It may be said that there are only a comparatively small number of fugitive slaves to be provided for, but in laying down a rule there cannot very well be any restriction as to the numbers to be received. It is also necessary to bear in mind that, though hitherto perhaps slaves have not been particularly anxious to run away in crowds, they might be encouraged to do so by a distinct invitation to take up their quarters in British ships; and besides there is a natural growth of opinion, even in the most uncivilized societies, which tends to excite aspirations towards freedom. On the whole, then, it is evident that if, in the language of the indignation meetings, it is "the determination of the people to maintain the right of refuge in every British man-of-war," the peaceful acquiescence in this policy of countries in which slavery prevails cannot be expected; and this is a contingency which must not be lost sight of. The agitation against the revised Circular is, as at present conducted, founded on a misconception of what the principle of the law has hitherto been, and practically amounts to a proposal that England should extend her responsibilities in this direction. If this is to be done, it should at least be done with our eyes open to all its consequences. We are all agreed as to the evils of slavery, but it may be doubted whether an aggressive policy in this respect would be ultimately so beneficial as a persuasive one.

RAILWAY RESPONSIBILITIES.

A DECISION has at last been obtained from a Superior Court on the liability of Railway Companies for delay in the conveyance of passengers, and it is satisfactory to find that, in all substantial respects, it confirms the law as laid down in what is now a considerable series of County Court judgments. The case came up to the Common Pleas Division on appeal from a decision of the Judge of the Bloomsbury County Court, and was argued at the last sittings before Mr. Justice BRETT, Mr. Justice DENMAN, and Mr. Justice LINDLEY. The facts of the case were these:—The plaintiff took a ticket from Liverpool to Scarborough by the London and North-Western train which leaves Liverpool at 2 P.M., and is timed to reach Leeds at 5 P.M. The train was a quarter of an hour late at Manchester and twenty-seven minutes late at Leeds. The train for York, with which it ought to correspond, is timed to leave Leeds at 5.20, and had consequently started before the arrival of the train from Liverpool. The plaintiff went on to York by the next train, and arrived there at 7 P.M. If he had waited for the ordinary train to Scarborough he would not have arrived there till 10.30 P.M., whereas, if the train by which he took his ticket had kept time, he would have got to Scarborough by 7.30 P.M. Under these circumstances he ordered a special train from York to Scarborough, and sued the London and North-Western Railway Company for the cost of it. The facts, so far as appears from the judgment read by Mr. Justice BRETT, were not disputed; but on behalf of the Company it was alleged that, under certain conditions set out in the time-table, there was no contract to arrive at any time, or at the times stated in the table, or to make reasonable efforts to arrive at those times. The important clauses in the con-

ditions were these:—"Every attention will be paid to ensure punctuality as far as it is practicable; but the Directors give notice that the Company do not undertake that the trains shall start or arrive at the time specified in the bills, nor will they be accountable for any loss, inconvenience, or injury which may arise from delays or detention. . . . The Company do not hold themselves responsible for . . . the arrival of the Company's own trains in time for the nominally corresponding train of any other Company." Supposing these conditions to be valid, it will be seen that they exactly covered the plaintiff's case. The train by which he travelled had not arrived at Leeds at the time specified in the bills, or in time for the nominally corresponding train of another Company, which was to have taken him on to Scarborough, and by reason of this failure he had incurred the loss of having to pay for a special train. Both contingencies had been contemplated and provided against in the conditions. The plaintiff started on his journey with full notice that the Company did not undertake to carry him to Leeds either by 5 P.M. or in time to go on to Scarborough by the nominally corresponding train leaving Leeds at 5.20, and that, in the event of their not carrying him to Leeds by 5 P.M., or in time for the nominally corresponding train, they would not be responsible for any loss that might accrue to him from their failure.

The judgment of the Court lays down that the contract between the plaintiff and the Company was made up of three elements—the taking of the ticket, the time-table, and the conditions appended to the time-table. The granting and accepting a ticket for the performance of a particular service would of itself constitute a contract by implication, but the reference to the conditions contained in the time-table makes them part of the contract. In the absence of any conditions, the advertising of the times of arrival and departure might amount to an absolute contract that the train will arrive or depart exactly at such time; and the introduction of these conditions so far modifies this contract that the Company is not liable for any loss, inconvenience, or injury which may arise from delays or detention, however long, considered as mere delay and detention. But then the affirmative part of these conditions is equally part of the contract, and therefore, though the Company has guarded itself against responsibility for mere delay or detention, it has expressly contracted to make every reasonable effort to ensure punctuality as far as it is practicable. Even if this clause had been omitted from the conditions, and nothing had been said about ensuring punctuality as far as was practicable, the Court held that there would have been an implied contract that the Company would use reasonable efforts that their trains should both start and arrive at the stated times. As regards the condition about the arrival of the Company's own trains in time for the nominally corresponding trains of any other Company, the Court held it to be valid in the same sense and to the same extent. It negatives an absolute contract that time shall be kept by the Company's trains, but it does not absolve the Company from using reasonable efforts to meet the corresponding trains of other Companies.

The case was now reduced to this. There had been a delay, in fact, resulting in loss to the plaintiff. If this delay was mere delay, the Company had saved itself by the conditions inserted in the time-table. If, on the other hand, it was a delay caused by neglect on the part of the Company's servants to carry out the contract to make every reasonable effort to ensure punctuality, the Company would be liable. The Court held that the mere fact of there being unpunctuality either in the first starting of a train, or in arriving at or starting from any intermediate station, would not necessarily be any evidence of a want of reasonable effort to ensure punctuality. This ruling follows naturally from the recognition of the conditions as availing to qualify the contract, since, if mere delay is to be evidence of a breach of contract, the Company would be practically bound to an absolute contract to start and arrive at the times stated in the bills, which the Court had already determined not to be the case. But any unusual or long delay, though it would not in itself be evidence of breach of contract, would be evidence calling upon the Company to account for the delay. The Company might show that it was owing to a collision, or to stress of weather, or to the breaking of an engine pipe, or to a pressure of passengers which could not be reasonably expected. In

all these cases every reasonable effort to ensure punctuality might have been made, and yet the delay might have occurred. In this case there had been an unexplained delay of fifteen minutes in starting from Manchester, and a further unexplained delay between Manchester and Leeds. Evidence had been adduced in the County Court to show that it was negligence on the part of the Company which had caused the delay in leaving Manchester, and that the too late arrival at Leeds had been caused by this delay in leaving Manchester, and the Court declined to interfere with the conclusion formed from that evidence. It only remained, therefore, to consider whether upon the facts the plaintiff was justified in taking a special train. Upon this point the Court adopted the ruling of Baron ALDERSON in "*HAMELIN v. the Great Northern Railway Company*"—that if the party bound to perform a contract does not perform it, the other party may do so for him as reasonably and as near as may be, and charge him for the reasonable expense incurred in so doing. Here the London and North-Western Company was bound to use reasonable efforts to carry the plaintiff to Leeds in time to reach Scarborough by 7.30 P.M. As a matter of fact they only carried him to Leeds in time, if he had travelled by the next ordinary train, to reach Scarborough by 10.30 P.M. The plaintiff accordingly performed the contract for the Company by taking a special train from York to Scarborough, which brought him to his destination between 8.30 and 9 P.M. The County Court Judge found that the plaintiff was not reasonably called upon to wait at York for the ordinary train; and that he might reasonably take a special train to Scarborough. There was nothing in this finding inconsistent with the evidence, and the Court consequently held that the County Court Judge was justified in law in holding that the plaintiff might charge the London and North-Western Company with the cost of the special train. The Judges expressly guard themselves against being supposed to say that in every case in which a passenger misses a nominally corresponding train by the default of the Company's servants he is entitled immediately to take a special train for any distance and at any cost. The question whether it is a reasonable thing to do must be left to the judge or jury in each case. All that the Court of Common Pleas has decided is, that when to take a special train is a reasonable thing to do—this being a point to be determined, with a due regard to all the circumstances, by the Court which tries the case—it is a sufficiently natural result of the breach of contract to bring it within the legal rule.

It will be seen that this judgment leaves one loophole through which the Railway Companies may yet seek to extricate themselves from the inconvenient obligation of keeping time so far as they are able. The granting and receiving of a ticket constitutes an implied contract that a Company will use reasonable efforts to ensure that their train shall start and arrive at the times stated in the time-bills, and, says the judgment, "there is nothing in the conditions to restrict that undertaking." But supposing that there had been something in the conditions to restrict that undertaking, what weight would the Court have attached to it? If the Railway Companies should prefer to exhaust the resources of conveyancing ingenuity before trying the alternative experiment of instructing their servants to do their best to keep time, and not saddling them with an amount of labour which makes it virtually impossible that they should keep time, it is possible that in some future time-table we may read that the Company does not undertake to use reasonable efforts, or any efforts, to ensure punctuality. Whether the Superior Courts will allow Railway Companies to undo with one hand what they have done with the other, and to undertake by the issue of a ticket to perform a service which, by the condition printed on the back of it, they declare that they will not necessarily try to perform, we cannot say. But at all events it is a real gain to the public to have it decided that, unless a Railway Company expressly repudiates the obligation, it is bound to make reasonable efforts to ensure punctuality. If they successfully resort to such express repudiation, the need for Parliamentary interference will be unmistakable, and the limits within which it is to operate will be plainly and strictly marked out.

A MODERN PHASE OF MELANCHOLY.

IT is a common remark that in the present day the statement of the song, "youth is full of pleasure," is falsified by experience. The accusation of melancholy is not only brought against the rising generation by their elders, but young men blessed with cheerful dispositions complain of the boredom frequently inflicted on them by the dull despondency of their contemporary associates. In all ages lovers have languished, harmless lunatics have brooded, and minor poets have rolled their eyes in sickly attempts at fine frenzy. Dissipated idlers have suffered from *ennui* ever since idleness and dissipation were invented. The question whether these classes and others discussed by Burton are on the increase will not now detain us, it being more interesting to consider whether there are any simple or combined causes of melancholy in any great degree peculiar to our day. The earthquakes which are upheaving time-honoured faiths and systems may crush much natural mirth with overmastering awe and perplexity. All such cases are explained as soon as stated. Pity rather than disgust is moved by depression for which an adequate and respectable reason can be assigned. For charity's sake, as well as to gratify an excusable curiosity, attacks of this distemper, which, appearing at first sight inexplicable, provoke us only to impotence and wrath rather than stir commiseration, may be allowed to occupy our attention for a brief space.

Why on earth, then, should men under forty years of age, endowed with health and strength, possessed of moderate means, provided with regular employment yet not overworked, with unblighted affections, innocent of versification and sentiment generally, and, to crown all the conditions of contentment, serenely indifferent to all phases of intellectual speculation—why should such highly-favoured mortals wearily lament that life is not worth living, and show themselves listlessly incapable of enjoyment? It is often averred that precisely such cases abound. If the truth of the statement be disputed, not only is exact demonstration out of the question, but it may be doubted whether even a Parliamentary Commission could collect from witnesses unimpeachable and decisive evidence on the point. Still it will not be amiss to consider how the phenomenon might be accounted for, if it did actually occur. Be it observed that a plausible account will constitute some slight evidence for the reality of the supposed occurrence, and for the correctness of the impressions of those who claim to have observed the phenomenon. A certain class of physicians would put it all down to organic disease of the brain; divines would suggest a conviction of the hollowness of temporal prosperity coupled with a lack of spiritual consolations; while habitual novel-readers would insist on a grim "skeleton in the cupboard," or would maintain that the fancy was not really free. A reference to our list of blessings will immediately expose the irrelevancy of these offhand judgments; therefore, putting them aside, together with the hypothesis of demoniacal possession, let us inquire whether the natural reaction after the excitements of boyhood and early youth be not an adequate cause, and one which can hardly fail to be in operation in these days of everlasting fuss.

Five-and-twenty years ago a boy's appetite for enjoyment was not at all seriously blunted at school, nor was there much fear of his round of holiday amusements being fatiguing. He seldom if ever enjoyed the intoxicating bliss of beholding his name and his achievements set forth in type. Now a change has come over all educational establishments. The work of the term, which has generally superseded the old-fashioned "half," serves as a foil for a round of matches, regattas, reviews, "theatricals," concerts, popular lectures, athletic sports, &c., all duly chronicled in the local journals, and perhaps even in metropolitan papers. Examinations also are more frequent, more solemn, and attract more public attention. Thus an energetic boy who is "good all round" passes from one bout of competition to another with little interval during his school career. If home, as is natural, wishes to hold its own in juvenile favour, it must utilize the multiplied opportunities of amusement, so that the holidays pass in downright dissipation. At the Universities the perpetual emulation goes on in an intensified form, while the newspaper notoriety which is bound to enhance the various passions of young aspirants to distinction is more pronounced than ever. Suddenly all the strain of personal rivalry is removed, the stimulus of frequent distinction is withdrawn, and the hero of an enthusiastic circle of admirers settles down as a commonplace person to a monotonous routine of business. Surely it is not altogether strange that for a time life should appear flat, stale, and unprofitable. The more keen the stress of the probationary period, the stronger is the reaction when the definite struggles of the youth against his fellows are succeeded by the vague, desultory warfare with the great world. It is indeed astonishing that so many men can bear with equanimity the rapid transition from the glory of a University "oar" or "bat," or the more modest dignity of a fresh first-class man, to the insignificance of a briefless barrister or a Government clerk.

The evils of competitive examinations are a common theme; but it is generally overlooked that the robust scholar who escapes all serious suffering from fatigue may, after his last list has come out, peak and pine for lack of the continual incentives of emulative ambition upon which he has come to rely for animation. He may miss the necessity of unremitting study at high pressure, the incubus of the impending struggle, the absorbing interest in his work as a means to an immediate definite end. The mental fever may have left the physical organs uninjured, but has very likely impaired for a time the power of diverting gloom by the

heartily resumption of old interests or adoption of new ones. His hopes, fears, and jealousies have been the means by which he lived as truly as were his hoards to Shylock, and their sudden extinction damps the zest of life. The mere fact of not possessing vigour and elasticity enough to resist the depressing reaction following upon the cessation of youthful struggles and triumphs no more constitutes an unhealthy condition of mind than the bodily exhaustion of an athlete after severe exercise constitutes physical disease. The effects, then, of increased competition of various kinds, aggravated by the increased importance of the different contests in public estimation, may be taken as a *vera causa* of some cases of melancholy. It must further be borne in mind that the malady is communicable, especially to admirers and imitators.

The advance in the number and intensity of boyish amusements has already been noticed, and to this may be directly traced some instances of melancholy amongst such as are too feeble or too lazy to be appreciably affected by their personal efforts in the athletic or intellectual arena. Premature familiarity with the various fashionable methods of killing time makes them the innocent victims of *ennui* on the threshold of manhood, just when their grandfathers were revelling in the substantial delights of release from durance vile, and taking keen ingenious pleasure in successive revelations of extended experience. They were elated by their newly-acquired importance on accession to manly dignity, in proportion to the rigour of previous suppression. From the little world of school or the seclusion of a quiet home, they usually brought fresh, unwearied capacities of admiration and open-eyed expectancy, the exercise whereof was calculated to mitigate any disgust engendered by the dissipation of sanguine dreams and the wakening to rude realities. It is not surprising that the comparative advantages of the boyhood of to-day should be counterbalanced by certain drawbacks. The hardships of school days are seldom, if ever, a foil to the comforts and pleasures of afterlife. Again, while young Sir Oracles abound, the species of unsophisticated adults is rapidly becoming extinct. Hence the charms of pleasant contrast and perpetual novelty which used to enliven the youth's entry upon man's estate are far less efficacious than they used to be. The circle of his boyish experience is so wide that, on his emancipation from the gentle control of tutors and governors, there is hardly any possibility of stepping beyond it into unimagined regions of excitement. If there is any soundness in these reflections, an increase in melancholy does not necessarily indicate deterioration of the race, it being accounted for by the absence of the invigorating influences which used formerly to attend a critical period of life. Incidents which were fifty years ago anticipated with ecstatic eagerness and constituted powerful agencies in the formation of the character, marking epochs in the unfolding life, are taken by our boys as a matter of course. Nine days' wonders may crop up day after day, "startling novelties" may be introduced by enterprising managers, the discoveries of science may elicit strong expressions of astonishment and awe; but the feelings and emotions excited become gradually less and less intense. Say that we are moved to surprise, admiration, horror, awe, twenty times for each occasion on which our grandfathers were so affected, probably they were shaken out of their normal condition thirty or forty times as much as we are. Assuming this estimate to be approximately correct, we may expect that the effects of such a state of things will be most marked on the termination of the preparatory period of life. The alteration in the treatment of schoolboys and their consequent comparative precocity is partly the cause, partly the effect, of a general modification of habits and character.

It is in no pessimist spirit that we have pointed out one inconvenience resulting from the tendencies of the times, of the existence of which an *a priori* probability has been established; but rather with a view to prevent cynics from making capital out of cases which they have no right to claim as evidence of degeneracy. Granting the prevalence of unsentimental, listless despondency, half discontent, half apathy, doubly irritating to the observer because of the apparent unreasonableness of such a dismal temper, it may be urged on the other hand that the malady is generally of short duration, and leaves no perceptible mischief behind it. If sufferers suspected the origin of their ailment, they would generally contrive by a strong effort to shake it off, so that it is to be hoped our suggestions may be of some practical use. The pessimist may rest assured that his creed never did anybody any good, unless it were by rousing the spirit of contradiction so as to incline one to take a more cheerful view of things than ever. If there were any probability of an indefinite and never-ending increase of melancholy, it would be well, not to utter the eucrocy that society is going to the dogs, but to set seriously to the complicated task of making a radical alteration in our ways. But it may be safely concluded that the evil is as transient in the race as it generally is in a healthy individual. The bad effects of publicity will vanish as soon as one comes to look upon the notice of the press as a matter of course, and the events of early life will then again resume their natural dimensions. Even the inevitable nervous tension entailed by assiduous competition will be somewhat relaxed by organized habitude. It is to be hoped, too, that eventually culture will be more generally considered as an end in itself, instead of a means whereby to win prizes and honours. A salutary development of genuine intellectual tastes will proceed *pari passu* with this desirable change. The calm pursuit of favourite studies will provide increasing numbers with steady sources of cheerfulness which shall render them independent of external circumstances. Still

more bracing even than congenial study is devotion to schemes of practical utility, and it is not too much to hope that improvements in the various systems of training will remove from our youth the reproach of want of public spirit. Notwithstanding occasional symptoms of subacute fever, there is no valid reason for fearing that they will not subside before long, nor for thinking that they indicate any very serious disorder in the present.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF PARIS.

THE formal and solemn opening of the new Catholic University of Paris on Monday last by the Cardinal-Archbishop—it had been actually opened some months before—was no doubt a significant fact. We are not surprised to learn that “there was a jubilant spirit about the ceremony”; for, whether or not the day was, what the *Univers* calls it, “a blessed and glorious one,” it certainly signalized a fresh and important step gained in what those concerned call “the freedom of teaching” in France. Cardinal Guibert observed, in his inaugural address, delivered after high mass, that “the emancipation of University teaching would be one of the great benefits of this age, and was the tardy complement of the emancipation of the secondary schools twenty-five years ago.” Freedom of teaching, however, is rather an elastic phrase; and when we are told that many were present at the ceremony of Monday last who had fought for it in former days under the banners of Montalembert, Lacordaire, and Lamennais, it is only natural to ask whether, in the mouths of the modern Ultramontanes who find their organ in the *Univers* the phrase means quite the same thing as was understood by the conductors of the *Avenir*. That the latter honestly meant what they said there can be no doubt; they desired to see education liberated from State control, and entire freedom guaranteed to all alike. But those who claim now to be reaping the fruit of their labours would think it no compliment to be credited with the same comprehensive views. A well-known French Jesuit, Father Marquigny, writing the other day in the leading French Jesuit organ, the *Études Religieuses*, explains with admirable candour and clearness how he and his friends understand the term “liberty.” “We desire and we demand,” he says, “entire liberty of teaching, entire for the Church which has a divine mission, not entire for all, whether believers or free-thinkers. Liberty is the guarantee of right, and error and falsehood have no rights.” We need hardly say that the good father is in complete harmony with Pius IX., who, in an Encyclical issued in 1864, announced that “education, both public and private, should be under ecclesiastical direction and surveillance.” This is, of course, the real aim of modern Ultramontanism, though it knows how to avail itself provisionally of the convenient watchword of liberty. Cardinal Manning, for instance, the other day, in opening the “Academia of the Catholic Religion” in Manchester, declared—if we may trust the report of the *Manchester Guardian*—that the Church had nothing to fear from the multiplication of schools of science, if they were indeed schools of science, and not of perverted intellect. But he proceeded to explain very distinctly that schools of perverted intellect are those over which the Church has not full and absolute control, and that “the word which brought the first intellectual perversion into the world was the word ‘why’”—that is, the spirit of inquiry. And this thesis was illustrated by a bold defence of the line taken by “the Church”—that is, the Pope—in dealing with Galileo, which a learned priest of the Cardinal’s own diocese demonstrated not many years ago to be alone a sufficient refutation of Ultramontane pretensions. And then he added that the existing darkness would be dispelled by the light of the Vatican Council. Such utterances cannot be kept out of sight in estimating the true significance of the ceremony of Monday last; and it becomes a matter of some interest to inquire what influence French Ultramontanes actually possess in the education of the country, and what sort of use they make of it.

As regards the first point, Cardinal Guibert was perfectly right in speaking of the recent concession of “free” Universities as the complement of former concessions, in matters both of primary and secondary education, during the last twenty-five years, as a glance at the history of that period will easily show. Since the educational law of 1850 the Superior Council of Education has included among its members four archbishops or bishops, while three ecclesiastics are on the Council of the Academy, and two on the departmental Council of Public Instruction. Nor is this all. The prefects notoriously exercise a great authority in all that concerns primary schools, and most of the existing prefects are favourable to Ultramontanism. Moreover, the inspectors both of primary and secondary schools often find themselves in want of the protection of the bishop as well as of the prefect, and therefore take the same line. Theological faculties are practically free from State inspection, so that any doctrine may be taught with impunity, and the *cursus* are especially charged to watch over the moral and religious instruction of the communal schools, to which they always have free access. The Ultramontanes therefore have very considerable influence over the State schools, and they have also free schools of their own, both primary and secondary, which are largely helped out of the Budget. A great many members of religious orders are employed in the State schools, while those conducted by the Christian Brothers are supported from the Budget of Worship, as well as from the voluntary agencies at their command. Thus in 1872 the Archbishop of Paris demanded that the annual contribution

paid to him by the *Société Générale d’Éducation et d’Enseignement* should be raised to 100,000 francs. A good third, if not almost half, the primary education of the country is said to be in the hands of these Christian Brothers, who are virtually, if not formally, under the direction of the Jesuits, but whose moral character has unfortunately been proved to be far from unimpeachable. And if we pass from primary to secondary education, that is even more subject to clerical influences. There are at present no fewer than fourteen Jesuit colleges in France, containing about 5,000 pupils, while another 5,000 are studying in fifteen Marist colleges, and fourteen under the management of other religious communities; and there are besides 152 secondary schools under secular priests, containing from sixty to seventy thousand students. This computation is exclusive of ecclesiastical seminaries, with which we are not here immediately concerned. And the final complement of this freedom of teaching, which has long been aimed at, is now at last attained in the permission to open free Universities. Free, it may be added, is virtually synonymous with clerical; for the Ultramontane journals are never tired of denouncing lay education as impious and Satanic.

So much for the actual power over French education enjoyed at present by the Ultramontane party. Their use of it cannot of course be determined with similar precision by statistical returns. But we cannot forget the almost dying lamentation of Montalembert—one of the earliest as well as the most single-minded of the advocates of freedom of education—in his letter to Dr. Döllinger, over “the abyss of idolatry into which the French clergy have fallen.” And his language will not surprise any one who calls to mind the rank crop of crude and puerile superstitions, in the shape of pilgrimages, prophecies, miracles, and the like, which have so abundantly infested the religious life and literature of France during the last few years, and have elicited no syllable of warning or reproof from any single ecclesiastical authority, with the solitary exception of the Bishop of Orleans, against whom Rome has pertinaciously barred the way to the Cardinalate and the see of Paris. Indeed this is a very inadequate way of stating the case. All, or nearly all, the most childish and incredible of these pious delusions have been nursed to maturity under the full sanction of clerical and episcopal patronage. Against Lourdes, La Salette, and Paray-le-Monial, even Mgr. Dupanloup would not dare openly to protest. But perhaps one of the most striking illustrations of the “idolatry” of which Montalembert speaks may be found in the *Almanac of the Faithful Friends of Pius IX.*, recently published by the Jesuit Father Huguet, where his Holiness is elaborately represented as the “image and living personification of Christ on earth,” so that “love of the Pope corresponds in souls to the love of Christ”—with a good deal more to the same effect, which had better not be quoted; and it is explained that “there are secret affinities between Pius IX. and the Virgin,” who is bound to repay his proclamation of her Immaculate Conception by restoring to him his temporal power, and has already given miraculous intimations of her intention to discharge this debt of gratitude. Still more remarkable is a devotional manual by the Abbé d’Ezerville, issued by one of the leading Catholic publishers at Paris, in which the Stations of the Cross—a well-known Roman Catholic devotion in honour of the Passion—is parodied in minute detail, with the substitution throughout of Pius IX. for the Saviour. Teaching of this kind—and we could multiply specimens of it indefinitely—is now almost universal among the Ultramontane clergy, and is fully sanctioned by authority; indeed the French Bishops, with the one exception already named, invariably speak in the same sense themselves. Thus, for instance, Mgr. Bertraud, Bishop of Tulle, in a sermon preached at Paris and since published, undertakes to show that the Pope is in full, direct, and confidential relations with the First Person of the Holy Trinity, so that he is probably privy to secrets in which Christ does not participate. “Pas d’intermédiaire entre le Père et Pierre. Les secrets de l’infini sont les secrets à eux deux . . . il [the Pope] parle avec l’assurance même de Dieu le Père.” M. Veuillot has spoken in still more startling language of the relations of the Pope to the Holy Spirit, and he published in the *Univers* a parody of the Lord’s Prayer addressed to him. And at least one French prelate, the Bishop of Nevers, has publicly recommended M. Veuillot’s writings for the theological study of his clergy. It is hardly wonderful that the *Temps* should characterize the French episcopate and clergy as holding no place whatever in the literature or science—not even in the theological science—of their country. Of this fact plentiful evidence may be found by any who require it in the chapter on the intellectual decadence of Ultramontanism in the Abbé Michaud’s recent work on the *Present State of the Church in France*. Yet these, it must be remembered, are the persons who will absolutely dominate the education of these free Catholic Universities. Several Bishops took part in the inaugural ceremony of Monday last, and in every case the Bishops will have the entire control of the teaching, discipline, and professoriate of these institutions. On the whole, it certainly requires a somewhat robust faith to accept the concluding declaration of the Archbishop of Paris, that the institution he has just founded will provide an education “at once sound, scientific, and virtuous.” The great mediæval Universities were indeed founded under Papal and episcopal sanction; but they generally contrived before long to acquire an independent position and authority of their own. And, moreover, mediæval pontiffs and prelates were not as Pius IX. and Cardinal Guibert.

GREGARIOUS AMUSEMENTS.

SIR GEORGE LEWIS'S complaint that life would be tolerable but for its amusements has undoubtedly received much additional force from the development of public exhibitions on a large scale. To cultivate the patronage of the mob has apparently become the great object of modern entertainers, and with the result which might naturally be expected. In spite of the dismal warning of the Crystal Palace, which can hardly with all its struggles pay for its putty, and is reduced to sue for the sixpences of the multitude, and the scarcely less melancholy fate of the Alexandra Palace, there has lately turned up yet another enterprise, which, it is to be feared, may be equally destined to promote public discomfort and possibly the unhappiness of its own shareholders. It may perhaps be worth while to notice some of the conditions which make these multimodal and unwieldy shows a hopeless mistake. The history of the unfortunate speculation at Sydenham is indeed of the most depressing kind. The huge, absurdly constructed building, stuck up, like a sort of Aunt Sally, on the edge of a hill, for the sport of wind and rain, eats its head off in the expenses of incessant and ineffectual repairs; and, after all its lofty pretensions, archiepiscopal quasi-consecration, and Royal patronage, the Palace has to stoop to something very near competition with the cheap theatres and penny gaffs. A lucky accident a few years ago relieved it from part of its ruinous expenditure on the maintenance of a brittle and rickety fabric; and if the shareholders could only make up their minds to pull down some more of it, they might perhaps once again hope for a dividend. The reduction of prices upon which the Company has decided may possibly be an advantage to the classes who will now have an opportunity of visiting the Palace; but it can hardly fail to have sooner or later a lowering influence on the character of the enterprise. If you appeal to the sixpenny people you must cater for the sixpenny people, who are no doubt a most worthy and deserving class, but who, when they go out for a day's holiday, usually look for something else than those refined artistic delights which the Crystal Palace was originally established to supply. We should be sorry to say anything in disparagement of hard-working folk who have perhaps the best right of all to relaxation and amusement, and if they get this at the Crystal Palace or any similar establishment it will be a good thing. But, on the other hand, there is no use in shutting our eyes to glaring facts, and pretending that all classes of society have an equal taste for the higher kind of amusements, and it may be taken as a natural law that any commercial speculation will devote itself especially to the class to whom it looks for a revenue. The mere accumulation of a dense, bustling, noisy throng of people, bent on the pleasures of the drinking-bars and the exhilaration of squeezing and jostling together, is necessarily destructive of that quiet and placid state of mind which is indispensable for appreciating good music or any other kind of delicate art. At the Alexandra Palace the music has for a constant accompaniment the tramping and buzzing of an uneasy crowd, which is enough to worry any lover of music into a fever; and now that the special days at the Crystal Palace are abolished, much the same thing may be expected there.

The obvious mistake which is committed by places of amusement of this kind is that they mix up together the different tastes of different classes. Mr. Gladstone has unfortunately given countenance to the principle that the best course for purveyors of all kinds is to dive down into the depths of the population. It is probable, judging from the experience of the Licensed Victuallers, that this is true enough if the object is only to make large profits. Greater fortunes may nowadays be secured, and in a shorter time, by selling beer or gin than by supplying the finest and purest wines; but still gin is gin, and wine is wine. And it is much the same with the products or exercises of art. It may be a good thing that pictures or music should be brought within reach of the masses, but it is idle, and contrary to the evidence of every one's eyes and ears, to expect that this will be an encouragement to the highest kinds of art. We shall no doubt be accused of an unamiable assumption of superiority or ungenerous exclusiveness when we say that it is impossible—at least in the present state of society—to provide satisfactorily at the same time for the wants of educated and of uneducated people in the way of amusement. The latter cannot do without the physical stimulant which is supplied by boisterous association and strong effects, and these are necessarily jarring to more cultivated temperaments. What we may come to in time we do not pretend to say, but for the present grades of taste and manners unquestionably exist, and we ask only that they should be taken into account as a matter of fact. The career of the Crystal Palace has been from the first a process of continuous degradation. It is pleaded that it has some useful classes attached to it, and that its music is of a good kind. We may admit this, especially as regards the music; but the classes are only an accidental feature, independent of the main project, and there is no guarantee that the music will be kept up to the standard, or that it will be possible in a mixed mob to enjoy it as before.

Another weak point of these large, too many-sided places of amusement is the absurd variety of attractions which they affect to offer. They profess, as it were, to have taken everybody's measure, and to be ready for customers of every class and every taste. The Sydenham and Muswell Hill Palaces, for instance, undertake to cater at the same time for high and low. They offer you a glass of beer and cold pork-pie, or a delicate French dinner with

Marcobrunner and Château Margaux; comic songs and rope-dancing are to be had for choice along with Beethoven and Shakspeare; and the scientific student of natural history is supposed to be at home in the midst of a gaping crowd, and to take delight in a brass band and Bath buns. The Aquarium in Westminster, which is about to be opened under distinguished patronage, makes a great parade of its high-class character. It has a list of what are called Fellows, like a regular scientific society; but of course anybody can be a Fellow on terms which are cheap enough, and the science is a mere sham. The exhibition is styled an Aquarium, and will of course have tanks; but it is evident that the managers intend to rely chiefly on the attractions of a music-hall or promenade with refreshments. It offers an opportunity for gambling in a picture lottery ("first prize 1,000*l.*"), with the use of a spacious lounge ornamented with paintings, sculpture, shrubbery, and drinking-bars; billiard-tables, smoking, writing, and reading rooms; dramatic performances, flower-shows, a rink, and possibly by and by a bicycle circus and a nice dry skittle-ground. For the present the Company has been disappointed in getting a dancing-licence, but it may perhaps be hereafter more fortunate in completing the casino character of the establishment. In the meantime there can be no question what will be the character of the place, and of the people who will frequent it. It is announced that there is a division-bell at the Aquarium in direct communication with that in the House of Commons, for the convenience of members of Parliament who are expected to come in a rush to consort with the shop-girls and haberdashers' young men who of course will chiefly haunt these bowers of bliss. It cannot be denied that the House of Commons nowadays contains some curious types, and the *Daily News*, which advertises this attraction in a prominent article, no doubt knows the tastes of the school of politicians whom it represents. Mr. Arthur Sullivan is to have the direction of the music, and he is known as an accomplished composer and leader; but the conditions under which he will have to practise his art will almost inevitably tend to drag it downwards. The associations of the place, the noise and bustle of a mixed promenading audience, the competition of the rink and liquor bars, and all the rest of it, will be against him. It is easy to think what even the admirable Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall would sink into under similar circumstances. Another obvious objection to such a conglomeration of different entertainments is that it is scarcely possible for one management to keep them all going. The energy and capacity of the directors are exhausted in the variety of their duties. They have to look after an aquarium, a theatre, a restaurant, concerts, flower-shows, dog-shows, and all sorts of miscellaneous entertainments. Why any one should wish to waste a day in going to see a play several miles out of town, when he can see a much better one at a more convenient hour and near at hand, is a mystery we have never been able to fathom; but it is clear that the attempt to carry on a great variety of entertainments all at once, like a juggler's balls in the air, is very likely to come to grief. There are some people perhaps who enjoy this mixture of everything, but any one who cares for the refinements of pleasure must regard them as a barbarous nuisance of the most fatiguing and depressing kind.

SALONA.

THE strictly classical student will perhaps be offended if any one, on reading the name at the head of this article, should ask him where the place that bears it is, and how it is to be pronounced. Salona, he will answer, is in Dalmatia, and how can there be more than one way of sounding the *omega* in the second syllable? And so far he will be right. The Salona of which we speak is in Dalmatia, and, as its most usual Greek forms are Σαλὼνα and Σαλῶνα, there can be no doubt as to the rights of that particular *omega*. But those who have gone a little deeper into the geography of south-eastern Europe will know that, in speaking of Salona, we have lighted on a case of "two Wussesters." Besides the Dalmatian Salona, there is another within the Greek kingdom, which has taken the place of the Lokrian Amphissa. As we write the names of the two, we make no difference between them, and we fear that most Englishmen will make as little difference in sounding the two names as in writing them. Yet, as Boughton in Northamptonshire and Boughton in Kent are, by those who have local knowledge, sounded in two different ways, so it is with the Lokrian and the Dalmatian Salona. Σαλὼνα and Σαλῶνα differ to the eye; and, among those to whom Greek is a living tongue, they differ to the ear also. But it is not with the Lokrian Salona, but with the Dalmatian Salona, that we are here concerned. We need not disturb the feelings of the late Bishop Monk, whose one notion of accentual reading was that those who follow it must "make some strange false quantities." The classical purist may make the *omega* in the Dalmatian Salona as long as he pleases. Only, if he pronounces the Lokrian Salona in the same fashion, he will wound the ears of those to whom the notion of (so-called) quantitative reading is that those who follow it must make some strange false accents.

Salona is one of the cities of the earth which have most utterly perished. There is perhaps no city of which the name survives which has left so little trace of what it was in the time of its greatness. For it is not like those cities whose very name and memory have perished, which are wholly ruined or buried, which have no modern representatives, or whose modern repre-

representatives have some wholly different names. Salona is still an existing name, marked at least on the local map; but instead of the head of Dalmatia, one of the great cities of the Roman Empire, a city which was said to have reached half the size and population of the New Rome itself, we find only a few scattered houses, which hardly deserve the name of a village. By the side of modern Salona, modern Aquileia might seem to deserve the name, which it still delights to keep, of *Città Aquileia*. Ecclesiastical Aquileia at least is not wholly dead as long as the patriarchal basilica still stands, if only to discharge the functions of a village church. But at Salona the traveller hardly notices whether there be any church in use or not. Of modern objects the one which is most likely to catch his eye is the building which at least proclaims, in the name of "Caffè Diocleziano," that Salona in her fall has not forgotten her greatest son and, according to some accounts, her second founder. Salona has utterly perished, and Spalato has practically taken its place. By a strange piece of good luck, the citizen and sovereign of Salona who came back to spend his last days in the neighbourhood of his birthplace had reared at no great distance from her the house which, when Salona fell, stood ready to receive her inhabitants, and to take her place as a new city.

There is a marked difference between the position of the older and that of the newer city. Spalato stands indeed on a bay, but a bay which, in that region of channels and islands, may pass for the open sea. Salona lay at the innermost point of a deep gulf which bears her own name, the gulf which forms one side of the peninsula on which Spalato stands, and which is shielded from the main sea by the island of Bua. It is curious to compare the real geography with the way in which the land and sea are laid down in the Peutinger Table, where Bua seems nearer to the coast of Italy than it is to Salona. Sir Gardner Wilkinson aptly quotes the lines of Lucan:—

*Qua maris Hadriaci longas ferit unda Salonas,
Et tepidum in molles Zephyros excurrit lader.*

Longa certainly well expresses the way in which the city must have spread itself along the mouth of the river, and the northern side of the bay. For Salona, like most of the older cities, was not like one of our square *chesters* which rose up at once out of some military necessity. The Dalmatian capital had grown up bit by bit, and its walls formed a circuit almost as irregular as that of Rome herself. The site was a striking one. As we set forth from the comparatively flourishing daughter to visit the fallen mother, the road from Spalato leads us over a slight hill, from the descent of which we look on the bay with its background of mountains, a view which brings before us two strongly contrasted sites of human habitation. In advance of the mountain range stands the stronghold of Clissa, so famous in later wars; while, on the bosom of the bay, a group of small islands are covered by a small village, which seems to float on the water, and which well deserves its name of *Piccola Venezia*. Between the two lay Salona, on a slight elevation gently sloping down to the water; here, as so often on the Dalmatian coast, it needs somewhat of an effort to believe that the water is the sea. To the right of the road, we see the ruins of the aqueduct which brought water to the house of Diocletian. Ancient fragments of one kind or another begin to line the road; an ancient bridge presently leads us across the main stream of the Giadro, Lucan's *Iader*, which we might rather have looked for at Zara. We mark to the right the marshy ground divided by the many channels of the river; we are, perhaps without knowing it, within the circuit of the city; we pass by a square castle with turreted corners, in which a medieval archbishop tried to reproduce the wonder of his own city, and we at last find ourselves close by one of the gates of Salona, ready to begin our examination of the fallen city in due order.

The city distinctly consists of two parts. A large suburb has at some time or another been taken in within the walls of the city. This is plain, because there is part of a cross wall with a gate still remaining, which must have divided the space contained within the outer walls into two. This wall runs in a direction which, without professing to be mathematically correct, we may call north and south. That is, it runs from the hills down towards the bay or the river. Now, which was the elder part of the two? that to the east or that to the west? In other words, which represents the pre-Roman city, and which represents its enlargement in Roman times? By putting the question in this shape, we do not mean to imply that any part of the existing walls is of earlier than Roman date. The Roman city would arise on the site of the earlier settlement, and, as it grew and as its circuit was found too narrow, it would itself be further enlarged. The cross wall with the gate in it must of course have been at some time external; it marks the extent of the city at the time when it was built; but in which way has the enlargement taken place? It has commonly been thought that the eastern, the most inland division, was the elder, and that the city was extended to the west. And it certainly at first sight looks in favour of this view that, in the extreme north-west corner, an amphitheatre has clearly been worked into the wall exactly in the same way in which the Amphitheatrum Castrense at Rome was worked into the wall of Aurelian. How so acute an observer as Sir Gardner Wilkinson could have doubted about this building being an amphitheatre, still more how his doubts ended in his positively deciding that it was not, seems really wonderful. It has all the unmistakable features of an amphitheatre, and we can only suppose that a good deal has been brought to light since Sir Gardner Wilkinson's visit, and that what is seen now was not so clearly to be seen then. As amphitheatres were

commonly without the walls, this certainly looks as if the eastern part were the old city, and as if those who enlarged it to the west had utilized the amphitheatre in drawing out their new line of fortification, exactly as Aurelian in the like case did with amphitheatre, aqueducts, anything that came conveniently in his way. But, on the other hand, Professor Glavinich, whom we have already referred to when speaking of Spalato, and whose keener observation has come usefully in the wake of the praiseworthy researches of Dr. Carrara, has pointed out that the gate has two towers on its eastern side, showing that that side was external, and that therefore the western part must be the older and the eastern the addition. This is a very strong argument, which it is perhaps impossible to get over, though the position of the amphitheatre certainly looks strongly the other way. The fact that in the northern wall of the eastern part there are inscriptions commemorating the building or repair of the wall in the time of the Antonines may also be thought to tell in favour of the later date of this part of the city. But this argument by itself would not be conclusive, because the wall might very well have been rebuilt in their day and the city enlarged to the west in a still later time. But the most probable view is that the original city stood west of the gate pointed out by Professor Glavinich, and that it has been extended both ways. It seems impossible to believe that the amphitheatre can have been originally built in the position in which it now stands.

Within and without the circuit of the walls there is much to be seen, thanks to the excavations which have been made at various times, especially under the care of Dr. Carrara. Near the north-western corner of the eastern division of the city, a Christian basilica and baptistry have been brought to light. They stand near the wall; is it fanciful to think that at Salona, as well as at Rome, it was not thought prudent in the earliest days of the establishment of Christianity to build churches in the more central and prominent parts of the city? The Salona basilica keeps, as it were, under the shadow of the wall of the extended city, exactly as the Lateran does at Rome. Outside the city to the north, towards the hills, is a Christian burying-place, answering at Salona to St. Agnes and the other Christian burying-places beyond the walls of Rome. Here are tombs of various forms and sizes, an earlier *Chorepiscopus* among them, and there are what certainly look very like small basilican churches, or rather sepulchral chapels, with their apses turning several different ways. A store of architectural fragments are strewn around; but the real wealth of Salona, both sepulchral and architectural, is not to be looked for in Salona itself, but in the museum at Spalato. There are those superb tombs, heathen and Christian, and those splendid capitals from some basilica greater than that which has yet been traced out. There are stores of inscriptions, Latin and Greek, which would make the place where they are preserved a place of no small interest, even if that place were not Spalato. One sarcophagus of heathen date still stays in its place, a little way beyond the city, because, being hewn in the limestone rock, it could not be taken away. This is that which is described by Sir Gardner Wilkinson, which has some of the exploits of Herakles carved on its one face, and which has been so oddly changed in modern times into the altar of the canonized Pope St. Caius, who passes, like the Emperor under whom he suffered, for a native of Salona. Below this chapel, which stands on the hill-side, are the remains of a wall which certainly has an early look, and which is marked in Dr. Carrara's map as "*muro ciclopeo*," but which Professor Glavinich looks on as being rather nothing more ancient than a Roman sea-wall. It must not be forgotten that, in the days of its greatness, Salona was one of the chief ports of the Adriatic, the greatest on its own side of it. After shifting to and fro from one port to another, that position has come back, if not to Salona itself, yet to its modern representative. If we distinguish the Adriatic from the Gulf of Trieste, Spalato is undoubtedly its chief port; but the smallness of Spalato, as compared with the greatness of ancient Salona, is a speaking comment on the difference between the place in Europe held by the Illyrian lands now and the place which they held in the days of the Roman peace.

Salona then was one of the chief cities of the Roman world, placed on one of the most central sites in the Roman world, the chief port of one of the great divisions of the Empire, and one of the main highways between its eastern and western halves. Such could be the position of a Dalmatian city when Dalmatia had a civilized mainland to the back of it. Salona therefore kept up its position as long as the Empire still kept any strength on its Illyrian frontier. It played its part in both the civil wars. Caesar himself enlarges on the strength of the city—"oppidum et loci natura, et colle munitum." In after times it was a special object of the regard of its own great citizen, who took up his abode so near to its neighbourhood. According to Constantine Porphyrogenitus, Salona was pretty well rebuilt by Diocletian. Its importance went on in the time of transition, and its bishopric became a place of retirement for deposed Emperors. Like the rest of the neighbouring lands, it passed under the dominion, first of Odoacer and then of Theodoric, and it was the first place which was won back to the Empire in the wars of Justinian. Lost again and won back again, it appears throughout those wars as the chief point of embarkation for the Imperial armies on their voyages to Italy. This was the last century of its greatness; in the next century the modern history of Illyria begins. The Slaves were moving, and the Avars were moving with them. Salona fell into the hands of these last barbarians; it was ruined and pillaged, and sank to the state in which it has remained till our own time. Salona

from the seventh century has ceased to rank among the cities of the earth, but the house which had been raised by its greatest citizen stood ready hard by to supply a shelter to some at least of its homeless inhabitants. Things were wholly turned about on the bay of Salona and on the neighbouring peninsula. Down to the days of Heraclius Salona had been a great city, with the vastest house that ever man reared standing useless in its neighbourhood. From his day onwards the house grew into a city, and the city became a petty village, where, of all the places along that historic coast, the traveller finds least to disturb him in the pious contemplation of ruins.

AT SEA IN WINTER.

WE can fancy that nothing is more agreeable than life on the sea in the long days and in summer weather for those whose tastes lie in that direction. There may be ships that are floating purgatories or coffins, but, as a rule, an intelligent mariner may choose his craft; for seamen who know their work are becoming yearly more difficult to find. Under favourable circumstances, a sailor has the pleasures of yachting with good wages, abundance of substantial fare, and an unflinching appetite to enjoy it. He may skim the cream of popular travel all the world over, visiting a succession of foreign seaports, and may cram into a happy day or two of "liberty" the excitement which a gentleman tourist finds during whole weeks of roughing it on a wearisome land journey. His slumbers may be broken, it is true, by troublesome watches; but no profession is without its drawbacks, and his, after all, is only a question of adapting the habits to abnormal hours. And in summer the amphibious population that get their living along our coasts have at least as jolly a time of it as thoroughgoing mariners. The coastguardsmen sun themselves lazily in the balmy air on the cliffs, laying stray saunterers under contribution for shillings in return for staring into vacancy through their many-jointed telescopes; or they man the Government galley for a little gentle exercise when disposed to exchange the land for the water. The fishing-boats running merrily out to sea with the sun glancing on their ruddy canvas give one the idea of so many pleasing idyls of marine existence. The long low steamers, as they go gliding by, leaving comet-like tails of vanishing vapour behind them, suggest open port-holes with free currents of fresh air, and an entire absence of disturbing qualms. In the distance are graceful and stately ships under their clouds of bulging sail; while the foreground of the picture is filled up with varieties of busy life in the shape of venerable Tritons passing their lobster-pots under inspection, women and children filling their baskets full of mussels, or grubbing for sand-eels to serve for bait, shrimpers and prawners immersed to the waists, and paddling voluptuously in the tepid water. Under the influence of sights like these many an indifferent sailor, with an habitual abhorrence of the ocean, may have felt that the people who get their living out of it are by no means so much to be pitied as he had supposed.

Probably, however, he would reconsider his summer impressions and revert to his original notions were he to go back to his coast resort for a visit in January; for there can be no doubt that those who have their homes on the rolling deep, and have been steeped and seasoned in brine from their boyhood, must often have terribly hard times of it in winter. You get up in the morning to find your window panes covered with frost, and a bitter east wind howling lugubriously along the esplanade. It is almost a shock to see shrimps on the breakfast-table; you shiver involuntarily at the thought of the sufferings of the miserable man who went out dredging for them. Looking out from the balcony, you see the brown sea setting shorewards in a strong current, tumbling over in white crested billows, and the breaking spray flying in clouds over the pier, to fall in showers on the shipping under its shelter. Nothing that can help it is likely, as you think, to put out to-day, and in your selfishness you heave an unconscious sigh at the prospect of no fresh fish for dinner. There was no need to be anxious on that score. By and by, when you look again, you see signs of bustle in the harbour; masts are swaying as if boats were being cast loose, and there is a general shaking of canvas that flutters out from the yards. Soon a vessel takes the lead of the rest; she is seen gliding into view, hull and all, and, threading the labyrinth of bobbing buoys, steers straight for the opening between the pier-heads. As she draws clear of the shelter of the cliffs, and the wind fills the top of the mainsail, her speed visibly accelerates. As yet, however, her motion is steady, for there is nothing but a ripple on the water in the harbour. Another moment or two and there comes a sudden change. She is caught in the jaws of the harbour mouth, and has met the rush of the incoming tide. As she oscillates up and down like a rocking-horse, having apparently lost way altogether, it would seem as if she must infallibly come to grief. But she is cleverly handled by men who knew what they had to expect, and the risk is only apparent. She gets her way again, shoots past the pier-head beacon, and is braving the full force of the elements. Now her little stump of a bowsprit seems pointing straight in the direction of the sun; the next moment it is plunging towards the depths. The sails, belling out like balloons, look as if they would roll her clean over; but her bottom is broad and her sides are round, and she rights again with marvellous buoyancy. She begins to make headway mysteriously, as she beats out to windward in short

stretches, while the spray pitches up in volumes round the cut-water, and falls back in deluges on her heaving bows. But by this time your attention is divided, for others of the fishing fleet are following fast in her wake. Speedily they draw out in a lengthening line, all bearing towards the same point of the compass, and, as it becomes clear that every one is bound for sea, it strikes you that you may as well go down to the harbour and assist at the start. What you chiefly remark when you get there is the absence of any general excitement. The men in the boats are busy enough, but none of their better-halves or sweethearts have come down for tender partings, as is the invariable practice in works of fiction, and, indeed, in the Northern herring ports in the season. The crews are too hard at work to feel chilly as yet; they are all warmly got up for bitter weather, in close-clinging jerseys, fishing-boots, fur caps or sou'westers, and there is a cheerful smoke going up from the bit of iron chimney that sticks up in the deck amidships. But it will be very different when they are out at sea, handling those stiff red sheets of canvas, or those impracticable nets and coils of cordage that are hanging in festoons over the sides. You cannot conceive what they want with the heaps of ice which are lying carelessly piled on the quay. Surely the temperature is low enough to keep everything fresh and sweet, without any necessity for artificial precautions. From your own experience in the shelter of the cliffs, in the warmest of clothes under the thickest of Ulsters, you can imagine how the wind will feel towards sundown to men who have been out in it for hours, exposed to its biting fury. Besides, as likely as not, before they get back again they will have had to bear up against other varieties of weather than a clear atmosphere or a cold wind. The fitful gleams of the sun have been bringing out in lurid lustre the sullen blue of the great banks of cloud to windward. To all appearance, they are heavily charged with snow or hail, and it is no joke running for home in a blinding snow-storm, even to men who have been familiar with the waters from infancy. The heavy drift of the feathering flakes envelops everything, falling like a thick white veil between the fishing-boats and the lighthouses or lightships. It is a case of groping your way between shore and shoals, listening for the noise of the breakers to guide you, while the men on the look-out find it hard to hold up their heads against the stinging drift that beats into their faces. To be sure, when they do get back, they come home, it is to be hoped, to comfortable fire-sides, to say nothing of hospitable public-houses and hearty good fellowship. But it must be admitted that their domestic and social joys have been somewhat dearly purchased, and many a landsman who has to struggle hard for a living might well hesitate to change places with them.

Still these fishermen have something to be thankful for, according to a landsman's ideas, in being at least as much on shore as at sea. They have time to stretch their legs on the solid earth, to dry their clothes, and to set their blood in circulation before returning to a fresh ordeal of hardships. Those who ship for sea-going cruises have a far more constant strain imposed on them by the severity of the winter, to say nothing of the aggravation which they may expect of their everyday perils. They may be in a collier coasting craft, working under either steam or sail. As they lie at their moorings in the port of lading, it is a question whether to start at once and chance it, or to wait yet a little longer in the hope of better weather, for the storm signal has been displayed for days over the harbour. But time is valuable to the owners, and even the men before the mast begin to lose patience, and when in doubt are usually inclined to bless the barometer and stand out to sea. It is anxious work, however, groping one's way along a dangerous coast, through the fogs that have been gathering in the hull between the past and the coming storm; and a short-handed crew in a clumsy tub or a deep-laden screw have to suffer much from long night-watches. Then, when the storm-warnings are tardily justified by the event, and the vessel is beyond the reach of shelter, they have to toil unceasingly to keep themselves and their cargo above the tumbling waters. Very likely they may have to go to the pumps, as they have done not unfrequently on former voyages, and work unceasingly for dear life to get rid of the water which has been pouring in over the low freeboard, and soaking everywhere through the yawning seams. They may think themselves fortunate if they save their lives and their ship by the skin of their teeth, instead of foundering and leaving no trace behind, or being shivered to splinters on a lee-shore. It is worse still on board a North Sea or Baltic vessel. The navigation in those narrow and treacherous seas is intricate at the best; in those inhospitable latitudes the fogs gather in extraordinary density; and tempests such as those which descend occasionally in sudden destruction upon subalpine lakes, sweep down from the frozen wastes of Lapland or Scandinavia. Add to all this a top-heavy vessel labouring painfully in the trough of the ocean, with a promiscuous deck cargo broken loose from its lashings, and you have a scene which may well be supposed to be the climax of the horrors of a winter night. Yet worst of all, we should conceive, is such a winter voyage as that round "the Horn" in wild weather. Storms setting full in her teeth may buffet about the biggest ship, like the fishing-boats we have seen beating out of English harbours, only with tenfold violence. The seas have been washing over the decks, flooding the forecabin and the seamen's quarters, till the galley fires are extinguished, and not a man has a dry stitch of clothing. But if their clothes are damp they are not dripping, for the vessel is close on antarctic latitudes, among snow-drift and icebergs; the winds are blowing off either frozen seas or the icy mountains of Terra del Fuego; the thermometer is down to zero or below it; and

everything that should be flexible is frozen as stiff as iron, from the mainsail to the jersey and trousers of the cabin-boy. Yet, as the wind shifts about, or rises or falls, they have always to be reefing or loosing canvas, and clinging among icicles to slippery shrouds, with hands that have long been unconscious of sensation. That, under such conditions of life at sea, there should be so few accidents as there are is marvellous, although doubtless there are many that we never hear of. But we may be sure that the colds, coughs, and chest affections for which landmen think it necessary to nurse themselves are common enough. If the recollection of former hardships is the greatest sweetener of a more peaceable existence, few men have more cause to indulge in the pleasures of memory than the ancient mariner who is laid up in port with a pension.

THEATRICAL FENIANISM.

THERE is an amusing audacity—one might perhaps say impudence—in the appeal which Mr. Dion Boucicault has just addressed to the Premier with regard to the Fenian prisoners. The author of *London Assurance* has always had a reputation for feats of this kind; but he has now surpassed himself. He wishes it to be understood that his production of the play called *The Shaughraun* has not been a mere professional speculation on his part, though it has, he says, paid very well, but a great political experiment. Many persons who witnessed the performance of this piece probably came away without observing that it was anything but a drama of the ordinary sensational kind, depending rather on clap-trap sentiment and startling incidents than on more substantial attractions; but the author now comes forward to disclose an unsuspected purpose in the play. Artemus Ward, it may be remembered, conducted his show on the principle of making it "a grate Moral Entertainment," and Mr. Boucicault also takes an elevated view of his line of business. *The Shaughraun*, he tells us, is founded on an episode of the Fenian insurrection of 1866. "A young Irish gentleman has been tried, convicted, and transported to the penal colonies, for complicity with the rebellion." We are afraid the transportation is an anachronism, but that is a small matter in such a case. The young man escapes to America, and then ventures to visit his home in Ireland. He is re-arrested, but again escapes, and is "eventually restored to freedom by a general pardon, granted (under poetical license) during your"—that is, Mr. Disraeli's—"Ministry." It will be seen that this is a very simple story, and the author himself vouches for the fact, which we do not think it necessary to dispute, that the piece is destitute of literary pretensions, has no "poetic clothing," "no wit to divert attention." Yet, if we may believe Mr. Boucicault, this piece, for which the author has done so little, has been one of the most successful ever known. Night after night, we are told, the spectators "rose to their feet, and cheer after cheer shook the old walls of the national theatre," both when the fugitive convict escaped from his prison, and again when he was pardoned. And this, it is argued, was due, not to the "cunning of the dramatist, nor the great merit of the actors," but to the natural sympathy of the audience with "one who is endeavouring to elude the penalty of a great offence." And Mr. Boucicault assures the Premier that it was with the intention of bringing out this expression of sympathy with Fenian prisoners that he composed the play. He therefore calls upon the "whole world to witness this spectacle—the Government of England, with a full and noble reliance on the loyalty of the English people, authorizing and approving the representation of this play, thus inviting daily a jury of two thousand citizens to hear and pronounce their feelings on a great political question." This question has been put night after night to people of all classes, "from the Prince and Princess of Wales to the humblest mechanic," and "there has been no dissentient voice upon it, no, not one!" This conclusively proves, in Mr. Boucicault's opinion, that the English people are full of tenderness and pity for the Fenians, and willing to forgive and forget their offences.

Whether the audiences really did rise and cheer in the way described may perhaps be regarded as an open question, but, in any case, the applause is capable of a very simple explanation. People go to the theatre to be amused, and the fun of *The Shaughraun* lay in the tricks by which a fugitive prisoner baffled his pursuers. The scene no doubt was laid in Ireland, and the oppressor was nominally supposed to be the English Government, but nobody thought of identifying the wild improbabilities of the stage with contemporary events, and a happy ending appeared to be the natural finish of such a piece of extravagance. Mr. Boucicault says that he put his question to the public in "plain language," but it may be doubted whether anybody would ever have discovered it if he himself had not been good enough to come forward and reveal the secret. In saying that he has delayed calling attention to the subject "until the last moment," he perhaps forgot that he had left himself another fortnight for the final run of the play before withdrawing it; but, apart from this, it might have been expected that, if he was really so anxious to ascertain the drift of public opinion, he would have taken the earliest, and not the latest, moment for frankly disclosing his design, and giving fair warning to his audiences of the construction that would be placed on their applause. It would of course be absurd to discuss seriously whether this play actually produced the result which the author attributes

to it; and even if this were admitted, it might be remarked that it was due to a purely fanciful representation of Fenianism, in which its crimes and atrocities were ignored, and pity excited for a poor fellow who was being hunted down rather by private enemies for their own ends than by the Government. The good people of the piece were all more or less Fenians; the villains were of course on the other side; and the question put to the audience had to do rather with human nature than politics. The evidence which has been given with regard to Fenianism before the courts of law, and on which public opinion has already passed its verdict, presents a very different picture from that offered in a comic play. If rebellions were in reality as harmless and innocent as on the stage, and everybody could afterwards go home quietly to supper and bed, without being any the worse for it, the community could perhaps afford to take a good-humoured view of such proceedings. It should be remembered, however, that the prisoners for whom Mr. Boucicault is now pleading are not mere light-headed vapourers, but soldiers who broke their oaths, which in itself is a serious crime. Let Mr. Boucicault put the plain truth about any case of this kind on the stage, and perhaps he would have little reason to congratulate himself on its reception. As it is, he probably showed a sound discretion in not openly avowing at the outset the intention with which he now says he composed *The Shaughraun*. It is obvious that, if this plan of bringing political questions on the stage were to come into fashion, there would naturally be rival versions of the case to be tried. Indeed we observe that this has in some degree happened even in the present instance. As soon as *The Shaughraun* is withdrawn *Peep o' Day* is to take its place on the same boards. This is an Irish play very similar in character to Mr. Boucicault's, and of older date, which is now revived apparently as a protest against the spirit of the latter. At least we find *Peep o' Day* significantly described in the advertisements as "founded on an episode of the Irish Rebellion of 1798, but depending for its success, not on its treasonable propensities, but on its literary merits, and on the sympathy excited for a victim falsely accused of political conspiracy." This piece does not perhaps go very directly to the question whether Fenians ought to be punished, but if it were usual to take the opinion of the public in this manner, we might expect to have another play which would invite sympathy for the peaceable and loyal classes. Trial by jury, as far as it is illustrated by such pieces as *The Shaughraun*, is obviously a trial in which the jury is allowed to hear only the speeches on one side. It is very easy to get a verdict when you are at liberty to invent your evidence, and can pass off anything you like. It can readily be imagined that a good many verdicts might be got in this way for the "unfortunate nobleman" now languishing in Dartmoor, or even perhaps for the late Mr. Wainwright.

Mr. Boucicault, in concocting his little plot for entrapping the English public into what he afterwards intended to represent as an expression of sympathy with Fenianism, seems to have taken very good care not to make his intention too apparent; but there can be no doubt that the attempt to do so, however mild and disguised, was a gross impertinence to the public. This is only another instance of the necessity of keeping the stage under some kind of censorship. If Mr. Boucicault had carried out his plan in a bold and open way, inviting the audience to vote for or against Fenians by a show of hands, we may be sure that it would not have promoted the good order and harmony of theatrical entertainments; and indeed it may be assumed that he had to tone down his piece in order to avoid any question with the Censor, who has authority to suppress any attempt to use the stage for the direct purposes of political agitation. If this controlling force did not exist to make dramatists cautious, it is easily conceivable what mischief might be done. There cannot be a greater mistake than to say that this is a question of freedom of opinion; it is simply a question of public order. The theatres would undoubtedly be turned into bear-gardens if they were to be given over to political strife. It is part of the good fortune of this country that it has always enjoyed the advantage of more rational methods of carrying on discussions of this kind. It is possible that Mr. Boucicault may have unintentionally done a service to the public by exposing the mischievous absurdity of what he pretends to have done.

WORKING-WOMEN'S CLUBS.

NOWHERE do the extremes of society meet on exactly the same footing as they do across the counter of a great shop. Strange and interesting are the contrasts which there present themselves. On one side, the outer, may be seen a countess, perhaps even a duchess. On the opposite side, the inner, is another lady. The countess may be old, fat, and badly dressed; the shopwoman with a perfectly made gown, a graceful figure, possibly a beautiful face. The one may be ill-mannered and cross, the other is generally polite, and often attractive. The buyer is unscrupulous about giving trouble. The seller is obliged to appear unwearied in her efforts to please. In some well-managed establishments, although the mere social difference between the two is immense, the shop-girl is almost as well educated, as well cared for, as well doctored, and as carefully watched, as the other. She is properly fed, has plenty of books to read, a well-lighted sitting-room, and a wholesome place in which to sleep. But there are in

London a large number of smaller shops where this is not the case, where no arrangements can be made by which the young women can be housed, and where they are obliged to go to and from their work each day. The shop-girl is selected from almost every class of society. She is chosen partly for her good looks, partly for her engaging address, partly for her neatness and intelligence. Her moral character in many places is not thought of much importance, certainly not the first thing to be considered in engaging her services. Her private life is not supposed to signify much to her employer, provided she comes to her work in good time and fulfils the ends for which she is hired. Her duties are summed up in one great duty. Her value is appraised according to the number of people she can induce to buy. And the fine ladies to whom she sells are brought oftentimes into close personal contact with people on whom under other circumstances they would look down as from an unapproachable eminence. The pretty little milliner, with the bright hair and the dove-coloured eyes, who shows off the Rubens hat to such perfection, cannot out of her salary afford pleasant airy lodgings or many home comforts. She has even to consider the penny she may spend on the evening newspaper. Often, after her hard day's work is over, she has to take off the fine clothes belonging to her employers, put on her own shabby ones, and like Cinderella return tired and worn to a home in which neither peace nor pleasure is to be found. All day there has been no sitting down behind the counter, no intermission of calls upon her attention, no repose however fatigued she may have felt. When evening comes she goes out alone into the gas-lighted street and may be supposed to seek her home. But there are many steps between the shop and home. The pretty work-girl need not go alone. The accredited and respectable young man may be in waiting to take charge of her, himself set free from similar employment. Too often, however, it is some one superior to the girl in social position, who has no idea of marrying her; but she prefers the refinement which she does not find in her own rank, and is glad, after her day of monotonous toil, to be taken to some place of amusement where pleasure and, above all, excitement can be found. As the shops close gentlemen may be seen sauntering about the doors, and there is no lack of places in all large towns where comparative rest, and pleasant, if unwholesome, entertainments are always to be found.

Great as may be the contrast between the shop-girl's private life and that of her customers, it is not greater than that between the small close room which she calls home and the gay scenes of the well-lighted music-hall. Perhaps she lives in a dingy suburb with her parents. Her father is a hardworking clerk; her mother wearing out her life in trying to keep things together and get her children out into the world. She is so busy that she is obliged to let the girl cook her own supper, or be content with it cold. The fire has gone out, one of the children is ill, another has had a scolding and is sulking in the corner. One of the boys comes in tired and cross; things have gone wrong with him all day, and he vents his temper by refusing to wipe his boots and kicking the footstool across the room. Another brother, older and now his own master, hastily snatches anything he can find for supper and sets off with a companion to some place of amusement or to spend a quiet evening and have a smoke with a friend. The girl wishes she had a pleasant book to read, some peaceful place in which to sit, something to dispel the feeling of utter exhaustion which has taken possession of her. She resolves that the next day she will not refuse an offer to go to the theatre if she is invited, because she feels less ready for her work in the morning when her evenings are worried and dull. Her parents have no means, even if they had the inclination, to make home happy to her. She probably pays her share of household expenses, or, if she is still in her apprenticeship, is looked on as an encumbrance, and when she leaves, they are satisfied if they think she has obtained food and houseroom elsewhere. But in many cases she does not live or lodge at home. She rents a garret in some obscure street in order to be near her work, and hither she has few inducements to go except to sleep. The temptations to keep away from it are well nigh irresistible. Her room is a weary way up four or five pairs of stairs. It has no furniture but what is absolutely needful. Its so-called comforts are probably shared with another lodger. Nothing in the room is pretty, no chair comfortable, even the looking-glass is ill-conditioned and deceptive. Tubbing in such a place is impossible. Water is difficult to procure, and the soap often forgotten. Fire is a rarity, light is expensive, and she often goes to bed by the rays of the street lamp. Her opportunities of improving her mind by reading, of writing an occasional letter, of cultivating her religious aspirations, if she has any, are simply none. She goes there to throw herself wearily on her bed, and rises before daylight to hurry back to her place of employment. On wet Sundays all she can do is to lie in bed and watch the rain-drops on the windows, or perhaps, if she has lost all sense of the teaching of her childhood, to remake an old bonnet in hopes of more favourable weather the following week. Such too often is the round of her life.

It seems to be the opinion of a considerable number of people who have the interests of the working classes at heart that the establishment of Working-women's Clubs would be a desirable step. They think that the cheap theatres, the dancing saloons, the music-halls, the public-houses, offer temptations too attractive to be resisted by young women who, having worked hard all day, have only a poor lodging, or a crowded, noisy, and ill-kept home in which to spend their evenings. They argue that a girl would be better employed in reading a story-book or playing a game of bagatelle in an airy, well-lighted room, where she could have a cup

of tea at cost price, than in going about with young men of questionable character to entertainments of a debasing description where she learns to drink gin. The advocates of clubs for working-women do not offer anything to induce those who have already a home to leave its comforts and its duties. They simply wish to enter into competition with the places in which they see female modesty corrupted, and a craving for unwholesome stimulant for mind and body encouraged. We may lament as we will the changes that are taking place in the constitution of society, and deplore that women are thrown unprotected into the temptations of great towns. The fact unfortunately remains that women will soon be obliged to enter the labour market on much the same footing as their brothers, and the question is how to help them to resist the allurements to vice which must assail those cut off from the restraints and protection of family life. The fatigue and hurry of a long day in a crowded shop, the exhaustion from mechanical work, the giddiness caused by many hours of monotonous mental exertion—all these often produce a craving for excitement rather than a desire for repose. It is sad, but it is the result of what we call "going ahead," and as we cannot order the waves of competition back, it might be well to try and throw safety belts to the weary swimmers.

If it is found that these clubs for working-women are really likely to be useful, no doubt kind people will be found ready to take the matter in hand. The advocates of this movement ought to avail themselves of the experience of those who have had to do with the Working-men's Institutions. Many mistakes have been made in these matters, and much has been learnt within the last few years. It would be well if the flavour of charity could be kept away. This is the more difficult in the present instance as women cannot help to build premises or keep them in repair when built. A club of men has now been carried on with singular success for several years whose members have never received one penny towards its support. They have bought their premises, built themselves a lecture hall, given concerts which pay, and have a fair library. They reserve an evening in the week for a dancing class, to which they invite their female friends and relations. They have saved money and talk of starting a building society. They are very proud that, although they have several times been offered money, they have never accepted any gifts except a few books and one or two prints to hang in their parlour. They manage their affairs by a committee of their members, and have never been in debt, for they were contented with very meagre accommodation until they could prudently afford better. All the building and carpenter work has been done by members who have given their time gratis, and they hope soon to replace their present hall by a handsome building. Any competent person willing to give a lecture is received, provided he will allow a free discussion on the subject afterwards, and it is often amusing, however much we may disagree with their opinions, to hear the shrewd and original remarks made by these self-educated and independent working-men.

What seems to us much more needed by working-women than either clubs or reading-rooms are respectable lodgings in central situations at reasonable rents. These might be combined with a coffee-room. There is no intelligible reason why such a scheme, properly managed, should not be quite safe, and pay a reasonable percentage on the money which might have to be borrowed for the purpose. At present parents who live in the country, and who would like their girls to learn a trade, are often obliged to relinquish the idea because they cannot find respectable lodgings at a price which they can afford to pay. Cannot the Peabody trustees move in the matter?

THE OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

II.

THE Italian school of painting, as we have before said, is again illustrated by works which show the all but exhaustless art riches of this country. Our imports of such works are constant, our exports are almost nil. The National Gallery, under the direction of Sir Charles Eastlake, insisted on the principle that the 10,000*l.* a year allowed by Parliament should be laid out in purchases on the Continent rather than at home, the object being thus to add to the constantly accumulating treasures of the nation. Since the European wars of the French Revolution and Empire there have never been such opportunities of acquiring Italian pictures as there are now. The breaking up and secularization of monasteries have forced the monks to sell their vestments and art properties. In the earlier period of spoliation, agents and experts were sent out to collect the spoils, not as robbers, but honestly at a fair money value. And England will now lose a rare occasion if, in future annual Exhibitions of these "Old Masters," she is not able to show a large share of the booty.

We resume our review of the Italian schools with a remarkable work from the Barker Collection by Luca Signorelli, "The Mother and Wife of Coriolanus pleading with him to spare Rome" (194). This picture, like its companion in the National Gallery, "The Triumph of Chastity," is a fresco transferred from wall to canvas in 1844; the process, as may be easily imagined, is perilous, and Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle pronounce the two pictures to have been injured. Yet so skilfully has the operation been accomplished, and so carefully have subsequent and needful reparations been effected, that, in spite of much repainting and loading on of colour in impasto, the masterpiece here exhibited

stands out with remarkable force in the drawing, and with that *éclat* and light-giving power which are the boast of fresco. Only let the spectator look round the room and he will at once see that neither tempera nor oil approaches the luminosity of this wall picture. It shines as light out of darkness; an effect much to be valued in wintry days when half the pictures are all but invisible. In recent years, when the art of fresco was sought to be revived in England, it used to be truly said that in the churches and convents of Italy, when night came on, the last objects seen were the fresco paintings on the walls; they shone out of darkness just as in these same sanctuaries the voice of the organ breaks the silence of coming night. But it must be admitted that the colours or chromatic notes of this picture ring with a sort of metallic sound, as bells falling out of tune. Signorelli, the precursor of Michael Angelo, was not the most dulcet of colorists, and his figures, crowded pell-mell together, are often so assailable as to seem at daggers drawn. Yet they have a grand presence; his men are of a race of heroes, and his women are clothed in beauty and in dignity. The remarkable picture before us is well accredited; it was painted, with others of the same series, about the year 1509, in the palace of Pandolfo Petrucci at Siena; two of the series remain in the Picture Gallery of that city; a third was acquired for our National Gallery on the sale of the Barker Collection in 1874, at the comparatively moderate price of 840*l*. That wildly eccentric painter, Sandro Botticelli, is represented by a couple of rather weak and mannered examples, both bearing as their title "The Virgin, Child, and St. John" (190-197). The artist had a grand way of exalting deformity and deifying ugliness. Another unruly genius, Fra Filippo Lippi, expresses himself with a tenderness quite unusual in "The Virgin and Child" (196). In this, as in the adjacent pictures by Botticelli, the transparent veil cast over the Madonna's head is very charmingly painted. These soft touches tell all the more in masters who are habitually hard.

Raffaello shows his first, or Peruginese manner, just at the point of its transition into the Florentine, in a couple of Predella pictures; a class of works which, being small and placed in semi-detachment with large altar-pieces, admitted of ready removal. England has gathered into her private galleries a number of these miniature panoramas, which, as a rule, represent collateral incidents bearing on the subject of the large composition rising above these "predellas" or "gradini." "Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane" (180), lent by Lady Burdett-Coutts—a companion predella picture with "Christ Bearing the Cross," of Leigh Court, seen among "the Old Masters" a few years since—appertained to the large altar-piece executed for certain nuns in Perugia, who requested of the artist as a favour that the nudity of the infant Christ might be clothed by a little drapery. This large and representative composition, formerly well known in the Royal Palace at Naples, has recently been exhibited for sale in our National Gallery at the exorbitant price, considering its corrupt condition, of 40,000*l*. At half that sum it certainly ought to be secured for the nation. And such as is the state of the principal work, so is the degenerate constitution of this, its small accessory. The prescribed arrangement of "Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane" is almost too well known to need description. Raffaello did little more than receive as an inheritance the long accepted theme. But the point to which we wish to draw attention is the strange and anomalous fact that the drawing even of such essential members as hands and feet is to the last degree clumsy, if not absolutely false. The history of the work, in brief, is this—that Raffaello, during his visit to Florence, returned to Perugia in 1504 or 1505, and there painted, at the age of twenty-two, the big picture formerly in Naples, with the part predella now before us. We hold it to be simply impossible that, with his own hand, he could have been guilty of at least the worst parts of this predella; and this judgment will be verified by comparison with "Il Sposalizio" of the same period in Milan. The excuse for Raffaello may be that, even in those early days, he took his ease through the aid of assistants; and doubtless in the school of Perugino, in which he himself had served so recently as a pupil, not a few students were ready to paint these predellas. All this we throw out as a suggestion, especially as a really critical life of Raffaello remains to be written. Passavant accepted nearly the whole story wholesale. Superior in quality, and more truly Raffaellesque in spirit and in manipulation, is "St. John the Baptist Preaching in the Wilderness" (181), a predella fragment from Bowood, formerly part of that most lovely picture of the Madonna and Child, enthroned with Saints on either side, at Blenheim. The date is as early as 1505; therefore it belongs to the time when young Raffaello, vacillating between Perugia and Florence, had not touched upon Rome, the rock upon which, according to some, he eventually split. We think it would be scarcely possible to extol too highly the purity, the beauty, and the tentative timidity of this almost pre-Raffaellite work. It belongs to the subjective manner of Perugino, and we are sorry to detect in the legs and the attitude of the feet, placed feebly and shakily on the ground, an indecision in drawing which is identified with the well-intentioned, but incompetent, Pinturicchio. One point of interest in the work is the internal evidence it gives of a master conscientiously feeling his way step by step, and encountering unexpected difficulties which he could not hope to conquer save by persistent striving, little by little.

There are a dozen or two Italian pictures which visitors will pass over with a glance, such as "Paul the Hermit" (129), by Leandro Bassano. The following, however, claim a little more

than cursory attention. "Venus Disarming Cupid" (131), by Correggio, we have heard questioned, but it has a right to take its place, though not in the first rank, with a multitude of analogous compositions, among which stands foremost "Mercury Instructing Cupid in the Presence of Venus," for many years known to every one in our National Gallery. We think it would be an excess of prudery to take exception to such refined exhibitions of the nude. And though it can scarcely be affirmed, to adapt the words of Burke, that the art of Correggio "ennobled whatever it touched," yet it may be pleaded with more show of truth that, under its spell, "vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness." More to the purpose are the words of Dr. Burckhardt, which read as a verdict on the picture before us, lying as it does on the doubtful line which divides a master from his pupils. After paying a tribute to Correggio as the subtle painter of "the finest movements of nervous life," a life "interpenetrating the figures from within outwards," Dr. Burckhardt adds, "no master did more harm to his pupils"; he deprived them of simplicity of line and dignity of character. We are sorry to have to mention with incredulity "A Religious Ceremony of Investiture" (134), here ascribed, according to the wholesale system of mis-nomenclature prevalent in England, to Perino del Vaga, the pupil of Raffaello. It cannot possibly belong to the school of Raffaello; as a conjecture, we should put it down to a scholar of Andrea del Sarto, possibly to Pontormo; but, in fact, the work will not repay discussion. Another most evident mistake is to assign what is perhaps the finest portrait of the year, that of "Contessina Mattei" (135), to Andrea del Sarto. We should at first sight have accredited the work to the great portrait school of Holland, but we observe that Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle say that the head is "reminiscent of Allori, or still better of Carlo Dolci." No head can be more true in modelling, or more expressive in its lines; it is so life-like that it seems to speak, yet the lips are motionless. As a sign of the present times, and a proof of the change which has come over public opinion, we may point to a couple of works, fortunately in a well nigh obsolete style, "Christ Healing the Blind Man" (107), by Ludovico Carracci, and "Christ Raising the Widow's Son" (109), by Agostino Carracci. The utmost we can say in their favour is that, being among the best of their kind, they are not quite so inane as analogous religious compositions by Sir Benjamin West. Yet, incredible as it may now seem, Ludovico Carracci was the idol of Sir Joshua Reynolds; an apology is almost needed for the following quotation from "The Discourses":—

Ludovico Carracci appears to me to approach the nearest to perfection. His unaffected breadth of light and shadow, the simplicity of colouring, which, holding its proper rank, does not draw aside the least part of the attention from the subject, and the solemn effect of that twilight which seems diffused over his pictures, appear to me to correspond with grave and dignified subjects better than the more artificial brilliancy of sunshine which enlightens the pictures of Titian.

We should be only too happy if Titian and his contemporaries in Venice had thrown a little more of the "brilliance of sunshine" into this wintry exhibition. "Europa, signed 'Titianus p.'" (123), lent by the Earl of Darnley, is a late work, though of course not quite so far into decadence as his last picture, the "Pietà," now in the Academy of Venice, left unfinished when Titian died of the plague in his ninety-ninth year. We venture on this chronology, notwithstanding that in the last edition of Kugler we find the easy-going assertion that "no chronological arrangement of Titian's works is for the present possible, except such as is afforded by internal evidence." What really may be "possible" to diligent searchers into documents we shall learn when we see the promised, though long-delayed, *Life of Titian*, by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle. In the picture before us, the "internal evidence" points to a condition of mind and of vision similar to that of Turner in his latter days; the forms want firmness, the colours coherence and sequence; in short, forms, colours, and composition have grown garrulous, as in the closing scene of the "Seven Ages." And yet the ruling passion for colour remains strong in death. We have heard doubts thrown on "The Portrait of Ariosto, signed 'Titianus'" (125); some call in question the subject, others the painter. The only light which the catalogue throws on the matter is that Ariosto was "the celebrated Italian poet"! When will Academicians learn that something more is required of a catalogue than historic data which have only a place in village schools? It will be well to compare this portrait with that of the poet in the National Gallery. The latter has a credible pedigree. Titian painted his friend Ariosto more than once; the face is well known—it is that of a true though somewhat self-indulgent poet. The pictures by Tintoret (127-133) and by Veronese (130) are of minor import; and Schiavone, an imitator of Titian, does little more than repeat by rote a hackneyed subject identified in design with Michael Angelo, "The Flagellation of Christ Bound to the Column" (114). Another replica of the same theme is a small picture, not very high in quality, bearing for its modest title "The Finished Sketch, or the Copy of a Finished Sketch for the Flagellation of Christ; by Sebastiano del Piombo, in the Church of S. Pietro in Montorio, Rome" (183), lent by Mr. Leighton, R.A. Close by hangs another contribution from Mr. Leighton, "Jupiter and Semele" (189), by Schiavone. The rhythm of colour has never been surpassed, even by Veronese. The picture must have been acquired solely for its colour, and it is interesting to mark that the works here contributed by Mr. Leighton show a leaning towards the Venetian school, to which his own art has of late tended.

No faint praise would do justice to a couple of pictures as-

signed to Giorgione, the fellow-pupil of Titian in the school of Giovanni Bellini. But we venture to give warning against a numerous class of productions thrown on the market under the indiscriminate and hap-hazard names of Giorgione, Titian, Palma, Pordenone, Bordone, Bonifazio, and others. An example in point is the panoramic scene, "Cæsar Enthroned receiving the Head of Pompey" (138). The picture, in its large sweeping touch and sketchy scenic treatment, is later than Giorgione. Yet we have seldom witnessed a more triumphant chorus of blues, reds, greens, and golden whites. We are happy, in conclusion, to say that but little doubt has been expressed as to "The Adoration of the Shepherds" (201), lent by Mr. Wentworth Beaumont. Some authorities, it is true, assign the composition, though we think falsely, to Titian; and others, with more reason, see leanings towards Palma, and trace the teaching of Bellini. These surmises only confirm the statement just made, that nomenclatures are, at this transitional point in Venice, speculative. However, we are glad to find that those most subversive of critics, Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, assign without question this impressive scene to Giorgione. The whole panel is imbued with the devoutest feeling—quiet, yet intense. The Madonna and Shepherds are kneeling before the Child, who is not here, as in the "Notte" of Correggio, the source of light. For the eye is led outwards to one of the grandest of landscapes—trees, lakes, mountains, as in the painter's own country of Castelfranco. All is in deep repose, as at the hour when day dawns, and the soft gleam of colour in the distant sky heralds as the voice at the Nativity, "Peace on earth."

CLYTIE AT THE OLYMPIC THEATRE.

THE author of *Clytie* allows that the "suggestion that its plot is a *réchauffé* of a certain *cause célèbre*" calls for explanation, which he attempts to give. The similarity between the two stories is, he says, "purely technical," whatever that may mean. He thought that "the use of the statutory declaration, and the abuse of the privileges of cross-examination," offered a dramatic combination peculiarly fitted for stage purposes, and this is matter of opinion. If he expected to construct a successful play out of his novel he must be disappointed; for either he was mistaken as to the fitness of his materials, or he has not used them skilfully. Notwithstanding the example of the *Merchant of Venice*, which he quotes, we do not think that the proceedings of law and police courts are generally well adapted for dramatic purposes. Indeed he might almost as well refer to Mr. Gilbert's *Trial by Jury* in support of his opinion as to Shakespeare's "sublime comedy." Both are equally unlike any proceedings in real courts, whereas the manager of the Olympic Theatre has done his utmost to give us a police-court as it is. The dress and manner of Mr. Cuffing, the prisoner's solicitor, are a clever exaggeration of familiar features; but he has to work an entire act or "part" by himself, whereas even Shylock is greatly helped by Portia and Antonio. The drama, in five "parts," was apparently constructed for the sake of this particular "part"; and it is a pity that so much trouble should have been taken for so poor an object. But if the author depended upon this kind of attraction in his play, he might have heightened it by the simple expedients which he uses in his novel. There might have been several subdivisions of this "part," entitled "the thumb-screw," "the rack," and "the wheel," and the heroine, by skilful use of the dresser's art, might have been made to look more wasted and woe-begone after each application of judicial torture. If a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well, but we are decidedly of opinion that this thing is not worth doing at all. It is unnecessary, and would be disagreeable, to inquire how far any resemblance exists between the novel and play of *Clytie* and "the revelations reported by the press" on the occasion referred to by this author. It may be allowed that neither novels nor plays are likely in general to succeed unless they are derived directly or indirectly from observation of actual life and manners. But in the process of derivation there may be many varieties of skill and taste, and this author has shown as little as possible of either. If, he says, instead of using the mere scaffolding, he had worked up the materials of the case already mentioned, he would have been justified by many "illustrious examples," and he instances *Put Yourself in His Place* and *Man and Wife*. These examples are in one sense "illustrious," for a more dismal failure than that of the play founded on the first of these novels was never seen, nor did the second make any satisfactory impression on the stage. The best protection against what this author calls seeking inspiration from episodes of real life is that the result has been almost uniformly discouraging. He tells us that he has aimed at the production of an interesting story, and has striven to teach a worthy lesson; but if the tale be dull, the moral, however excellent, will be wasted. It may of course be our own fault if, after passing a dreary evening at the Olympic Theatre, we do not feel any better in the morning. If Mr. Hatton should attempt another play, let him be content to do one thing at a time. If he will amuse us, we can get our instruction somewhere else. The only lesson that we can discover in this drama is that, though a girl be chaste as ice and pure as snow, she shall not escape calumny if she runs away from home at eighteen years of age and comes alone to London; and it scarcely needed five "parts" of a play to teach us that.

The orations of Tom Mayfield to the bust of Clytie which Mary Waller is supposed to resemble are necessarily retrenched

in the play, which thus loses the most grotesque feature of the novel. The story of the daughter of Oceanus and Tethys is rather inappropriately connected with the girl of Durham, since it suggests that she between her two lovers behaved not much better than Apollo among the nymphs. Clytie of ancient fable was changed into a flower, but kept her love, and became the type of constancy.

The heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But still will love on to the close;
As the sunflower turns to her god when he sets
The same look that she turned when he rose.

It is no reproach to Mr. Hatton that he has written nothing on this subject so pretty as Moore's lines, nor can we complain because Miss Henrietta Hodson, who in other respects sustains the part of Mary Waller competently, is not in the least like the bust of Clytie. This lady has been the heroine of two or three dramatized novels in which a girl violates conventionalities, so that she may be thought to have a special turn for this class of character; yet even with her help the play makes but a slight impression. As Mr. Mayfield's rhapsodies are omitted, nothing is gained by calling the girl Clytie except an uncommon name. We see her receiving Ransford in an arbour, and carried in Ransford's arms, and laid on a bed in Ransford's chambers; and after some years she marries Lord St. Barnard, who, for dramatic convenience, has been amalgamated with Tom Mayfield; and then come the scenes which, as the author mildly puts it, may call to mind "a passing remembrance" of a social scandal, but only with the effect of exciting "charitable feelings." The only charity suitable to the occasion would be that which covers sin; but if these scenes were struck out of the play there would be no substance left in it. The statutory declaration has been made, and Mr. Hatton has so managed his heroine's life and conversation that the greater part of it is true. Then comes the scene in court, on which the play principally depends. Some people may like this kind of thing, although we do not, but the remainder of the play is too feeble to excite any feeling whatever. There is a melodramatic duel at Longreach, and "Home and Happiness" at Durham. Some faint attempts are made at comic servants, but they fail to lighten this dreary play. The amusement, such as it is, begins and ends with the cross-examination of Lady St. Barnard. The actors, other than Mr. Odell, who plays Cuffing, have no opportunity of gaining praise or blame. In short, this play is at once unpleasant and weak. It is true that the most objectionable scenes of the novel are omitted, but the author must have known that the play could only become popular as a revival of the social scandal to which he affects to believe that he only distantly refers. He quotes the words "saying she would never consent, consented," without perceiving their application to himself.

It is odd that the novel contains a sort of justification for doing that which we are assured has not been done in the play. We are told that when the case had been opened at Bow Street police-court an "editorial note" upon it suggested that it was with such materials as these that the successful novelist must deal—"love, revenge, human passion in their highest and most daring flights." This editorial authority could not imagine why the novelist should sit down and draw drafts upon his own imagination when the doors of Bow Street were open to him daily. The writer who had the power to mould the realities of life to his purpose, and deal manfully and fearlessly with history as it was recorded in the newspapers, could not fail to secure a following, and might snap his fingers at the snarls of critics. It can hardly be doubted that when Mr. Hatton ascribed these sentiments to an imaginary editor he was answering anticipated attacks on his own practice. He had entered at doors which he found open in Southwark as well as Bow Street. He had assumed to mould the realities of life, and had dealt fearlessly with contemporary history. Supposing that he thus described his own proceedings in 1874, he gives a widely different account of them two years afterwards. We are now told that any similarity between the plot of *Clytie* and a certain *cause célèbre* is purely technical. He has used the mere scaffolding, and has not worked up the material of the case; and it is not true that the story of *Clytie* is that of the "social scandal." No doubt the author should know best, and his readers and critics must have been mistaken.

It is scarcely worth while to discuss the possibility of his story. "Her whole life," says the author, "was influenced by an accident, a mistake, a misunderstanding, a calumny." Her grandfather used harsh and hasty words after discovering her intercourse with Ransford, and she left him, and went to London. She walked out of his house at five o'clock on a summer morning with no clothes but what she stood in, and took the train to York and London. A beautiful girl, dressed in manifestly provincial style, might well attract notice and excite suspicion. She stays at an hotel until she is told that her room is wanted, and then with difficulty, and after narrowly escaping from the worst company, finds a respectable lodging, and tries to procure an engagement on the stage. She is invited to luncheon by the manager, meets Ransford at his table, is taken ill, goes away in Ransford's carriage, and is driven to his chambers. Then we learn that she is granddaughter to the old Lord St. Barnard, who dies, and she becomes wife to his successor, who is some sort of cousin to her. Thus she has become a grand lady, and a fit mark for Ransford's slanderous accusations. But her true story is very odd, and it only wants a few embellishments to make her

appear criminal. Then come the sensational proceedings at the police-court, the flight of Lady St. Barnard, the "squaring" of Ransford, who is to confess, receive 10,000*l.*, and quit the country, and the shooting of Ransford at Longreach by his old rival Mayfield, who has brought back from California a robust frame and a talent for shooting and for writing poetry. He kills Ransford, and everything arranges itself satisfactorily. It will be seen from this brief outline of the story that many features of it have been entirely omitted from the play, and the result is that the scene at the police-court becomes more prominent in the play than it was in the novel. In fact, the play seems as if it had been constructed for the purpose of bringing in this scene. We like the novel little, and the play less, and it is not probable that this experiment in dramatizing the realities of life will be so successful as to encourage imitation.

REVIEWS.

BICKNELL'S HÁFIZ.*

WE may safely assert that most educated people would profess admiration for Háfiz, "the Anacreon of Persia," but we may with equal confidence assert that the majority of them would know absolutely nothing about him. Now, as Háfiz is a typical and eminently national poet, and as his poetry, ideas, and style have had as great an influence over the literature and thought of Persia and India as the Koran itself has had over that of Arabia, or, we might almost say, as the Authorized Version of the Bible over that of England, this ignorance is by no means becoming to a nation that rules India and claims supremacy in the East. At last England, following, as usual in such matters, a long way in the wake of Germany, has done something towards attaching an intelligible meaning to the hitherto well-known but cabalistic name of Háfiz. In a magnificently printed work, furnished with exquisite chromo-lithographic and woodcut illustrations, Messrs. Tribner have issued metrical translations of a select number of the odes of this poet. The work has the invaluable quality of accuracy, and, although it shows some faults of construction, we are the less inclined to criticize these severely as the translator has done a real service to literature by this first attempt at rendering the works of his author in popular English, and as he unfortunately died before his version was in print; so that many of the shortcomings may reasonably be attributed to the absence of revision by the original writer.

The poems of Háfiz are chiefly short odes, every alternate line in each having the same rhyme; they do not recount any incident or tell any consecutive story, but consist of a number of poetical conceits strung together without any apparent intimate mutual relation. The theme is almost invariably love, wine, and the beauties of nature, and the casual reader might at first sight set them down as desultory and disconnected. When once, however, the key has been found, the individual parts will be seen to form a harmonious and connected whole, through which there runs a vein of subtle and elevated thought. In Persian each poem is called *nazm*, "a string of pearls," the rhyme rather than the sense being regarded as the thread on which they are arranged.

To understand them we must know something of the life and mental habits of the author. Háfiz belonged to the sect of religious philosophers called Sûfis; their system is a compromise between the Pantheistic creed of India and the severe Deism of the Koran, and their tenets are the metaphysical doctrines of the early Aryan races engrafted on the dogmas of Islam. Briefly stated, they are as follows:—God is an omnipotent eternal being, who in the remote past was "a hidden treasure that desired to be known." This desire took the form of a creative spirit, from which proceeded the entire visible and invisible universe. The ultimate creation, or rather, result of this emanation, was man, who therefore is a scintillation from the Deity, and as, to use the words of the greatest of Sûfi philosophers, Maulavi Rûmí—

Matter, though it fleeteth fast,
Returneth to its source at last—

man's highest aim is return to, or rather reabsorption in, the God-head from whence he sprang. This is his constant hope and endeavour, and all earthly love and affection are only expressions of this longing and yearning after the divine goal. Life is thus depicted as a journey in an eternal cycle; the earthly life is a descent; but when the spiritual life commences the ascent is begun; and as man advances in divine knowledge and aspirations he draws nearer and nearer to the divinity towards which he tends. As earthly affections and longings are thus interpreted, so by this system all forms of religion become indifferent, inasmuch as they are expressions of one and the same idea, as Omar el Kheiyam, another celebrated poet, observes:—

Kaash or Joss-house, 'tis His house of prayer;
E'en jangling bells invite us to His shrine;
Mosque or cathedral, He is present there,
Crescent or cross, 'tis over Allah's sign.

The professors of this sect assume a certain austerity of life, wear a distinctive dress, and reside in *takyas* or monastic colleges. To one of these orders Háfiz attached himself; but his free-living and

free-thinking, as well as his undisguised fondness for the bottle, were fatal to his reputation for sanctity. In return for the bad name he himself acquired, he is unsparing in expressing his contempt for the hypocrisy and arrogant pretensions of his fellow-dervishes. His great talents as a poet, however, procured him many and influential friends among the princes of Persia and the neighbouring countries. The word *Háfiz* signifies "one who knows the Koran by heart," and was assumed by him as a *takhallus* or *nom de plume*, his real name being Mohammed Shems-uddin.

The foregoing facts will enable us to appreciate the exact tone and tenor of his poems. Intellectually an ardent seeker after the unknown good, all the products of his genius are tinged with the speculative and contemplative philosophy of his order; physically an ardent lover of beauty in every form, and of decidedly Epicurean tastes, there can be no doubt that most of his thoughts were inspired by the actual contemplation or enjoyment of the pleasures which he describes. A Sûfi who really apostrophizes no other than the transcendental object of his affection, and who drinks no wine but that of inspiration, is a very dull dog; Háfiz, as he himself says, soon found it convenient to cast off the trammels of asceticism, and yielded like a true fatalist to the force of the eternal decrees that had destined him to be a *bon-vivant*:—

Nought knew I, when I dwelt apart, of wine and minstrel's bliss;
My friendship for the Magian youths cast me to that and this.

The water of our ruby wine laves well my cowl to-day;
Our portion from eternity we cannot cast away.

In one respect the book is rather unsatisfactory; the translator has aimed at reproducing the original literally and exactly. This we think a mistake; for, if it is intended for the general reader, he would doubtless prefer a more familiar and more English form of verse; if it is intended for the scholar, he, having the Persian before him, does not want it. The method adopted, too, fails to give an idea of the exquisite melody and sweetness of the original, while in a paraphrase this might have been at least indicated, if not actually attained. Perhaps the most suitable form of verse that could be chosen for rendering such compositions would be the sonnet; indeed, the "Rhymes" of Petrarch are not unlike the effusions of the Eastern muse, and an Italian *savant* has written a work pointing out the parallel that exists between that writer and Omar ibn el Faridh, a celebrated mystical Arabic poet. The poems translated are a selection only from the works of Háfiz, but the choice has been well made, and they give an excellent idea of the poet's style.

From such a work it is difficult to make extracts, but we may quote one or two pieces illustrative of the principles we have stated above. The following ode, for example, happily combines the expression of Háfiz's unsatisfied spiritual longings with that of his appreciation of the more tangible pleasures of love and wine:—

O breeze of morn! where is the place which guards my friend from strife?
Where the abode of that sly moon who lovers robs of life?

The night is dark, the Happy Vale in front of me I trace.*
Where is the fire of Sinai, where is the meeting-place?

Here jointly are the wine-filled cup, the rose, the minstrel; yet
While we lack love, no bliss is here; where can the Loved be met?

Of the Shaikh's cell my heart has tired, and of the convent bare;
Where is my friend, the Christian child, the vintner's mansion where?

Háfiz, if o'er the glades of earth
The autumn blast is borne,
Grieve not, but musing ask thyself,
Where has the rose no thorn.

Of the strong sentiments of aversion which he felt for the pious frauds of the Sûfi dervishes the following affords a good example. It must be premised that it is a favourite trick with Eastern jugglers to pretend to cause an egg to vanish from the head of a bystander, but really to leave it there, and, when the victim puts on his cap, the performer hits him over the head and breaks the egg, to the great amusement of the audience:—

The Sûfi has spread out his net, and lifted is his box's lid;
He builds his structure of deceit, to cope with juggling Heaven unbids.

The sport of the revolving sky breaks in his cap an egg or two,
For daring to play juggler's tricks on one who all their secrets knew.

Come heart and let us flee to God, to seek protection from the wrong
Committed by that class of men who have short sleeves and fingers long.

Shun Artifice; for he who tries affection's game with fraud in view
Finds shut upon his own heart's face Love's gate, which opens to the True.

When comes to-morrow, and the eye shall rest upon Truth's portico;
What shame shall the disciple feel if all his practice has been show!

O partridge, bird of graceful gait, say, whither would'st thou shape thy way?

Be not so bold, for well we know how the religious cat can pray.

Háfiz, condemn no reveller,
For God, before the world was made,
Exempted me from seeking here
Hypocrisy, and rigour's aid.

The last verse but one refers to a well-known Persian fable of a partridge who ventured to approach a cat which it saw piously telling its beads, and was of course torn to pieces. All these little allusions, as well as the more subtle references to Sûfistic doctrines and Muslim legends, are explained by the translator in concise but clear and accurate notes. The late Mr. Bicknell, not content with studying his author in his closet and illustrating him from the knowledge which as a scholar and a traveller was already

* *Háfiz of Shiraz: Selections from his Poems.* Translated from the Persian, by Herman Bicknell. London: Tribner & Co. 1875.

* Aiman (happiness) is the valley in which God appeared to Moses.

available to him, undertook a journey to Persia, and resided for some time in the midst of the very scenes of Háfiz's life with the expresse purpose of making himself more intimately acquainted with his works. How valuable the results of such a mode of dealing with the subject are, the reader may see for himself in the admirable chromo-lithographs which the volume contains. If he would know the kind of scene that was present to Háfiz's mind when he described so enthusiastically the pleasures of a drinking bout in a fair garden, to the accompaniment of music and minstrelsy, there is Mr. Herbert's beautiful frontispiece, where such a scene is depicted to the life. Another picture from the hand of the same artist shows us a bird's-eye view of the neighbourhood of the Hafiziyyeh at Shiráz, with the stream of Ruknabad and the flowery fields of Musallá, which Háfiz declared could not be rivalled by the Muslim Paradise itself:—

Sáki present the wine unspent: in Jannah thou shalt never gaze
On Ruknabad's water-marge, or on Musallá's bloomy ways.

The latter part of the volume contains a number of shorter and fragmentary pieces, which are less metaphysical and erotic in character, and possess greater interest, inasmuch as they are many of them records of historical events or of domestic incidents in the poet's life. Here is one which preserves the memory of one of those ghastly crimes which Eastern history too often presents—the blinding of an aged father, Shah Mansúr, by his rebellious and ambitious son:—

Let not thy heart the world's vain goods pursue,
For no one yet has found her promise true.
No stingless honey in her mart we buy,
No thornless dates her garden will supply.
If lamp she lights, as soon as it grows bright
The wind extinguisheth the spreading light.
Who careless doth his heart on her bestow,
Behold, he cherisheth a deadly foe!
The warlike King, who made the earth his prey,
His sabre dripping from the bloody fray,
Who with one onset put a host to rout
Or broke the centre with a single shout,
Who chiefs unjustly into prison threw,
Beholding heroes when no crime they knew,
Who made the lioness untimely bear
In deserts, when his name had sounded there,
Who made Shiráz, Tebríz, Irák obey—
Succumbed at last on his appointed day:
For one who his world-scanning eye made bright
With stabbing awl destroyed that piercing sight.

In Persian a son is called *núr i chashm*, "light of the eye," hence the allusion in the last couplet. What a picture such a poem presents of the tyrannical career and dreadful end of an unscrupulous conqueror!

The next laments the death of a favourite child of the poet:—

The days of sweet spring have come; the damask and wild roses now
With tulips from earth arise; oh, why in the dust then art thou?
My tears I will shed in streams, as pour from the spring clouds in rain;
These tears on thy dust shall fall, until thou art risen again.

The poems of Háfiz are a mine of rich gems of thought, and even in their foreign setting have a peculiar lustre of their own. After the great mass of poetry of the present age, which seems to run only in one or two conventional channels, these Persian lyrics come to us with a freshness and originality which, if it does not make them popular, will at least ensure appreciative readers. The present edition is a splendid and worthy monument to a great poet whom English scholars have too long neglected.

MANN AND MANNERS AT THE COURT OF FLORENCE.*

THE two good-sized volumes which Dr. Doran has introduced to the world under a punning title—in this case a very justifiable piece of levity—are composed of selections from the correspondence of the British Minister at Florence, ranging over forty-five years of the last century. They are not calculated to add anything of importance to serious history, nor are they put forward with any such pretension; and if we are to judge by our own experience, we cannot recommend a reader in search of general instruction and entertainment to set about reading them straight through. They contain, however, a good many curious and odd things, and will no doubt be found amusing by those who have leisure to trifle with them in spare moments.

There is, perhaps, one real service they can do, in correcting current notions. It was the fashion of the last generation to disparage the eighteenth century and all its works, and now, by the periodic reaction which appears in social and critical judgments as well as in other things, they have come into high favour again; and in particular it is an accepted article of belief that the art of letter-writing flourished and culminated in that century, and by reason of cheap postage, rapid travelling, and other adverse combinations of the fates, is now irrecoverably lost. If the letters of a few celebrated letter-writers are taken as the standard, this may be in some measure true; but the inference from supreme excellence in the few to a proportionate average excellence in those who came next to them is in this case unwarranted; and this book furnishes a striking warning. These letters are

Horace Mann's half of a correspondence with Horace Walpole, whose own part of it is already known. When we look back on these two volumes of what is, after all, for the most part, barren gossip, and reflect whence, by whom, and to whom they were written; and when we proceed to imagine how much more we should expect in the present century from an Englishman resident at Florence, with every advantage of culture, rank, and position, and with peculiar opportunities and even duties of knowing men and things, writing, not under official constraint, but at his own pleasure to a friend among the foremost in the world of art and letters at home; and when we compare the requirements of this century with the accepted performance of the last, we protest we cannot see that there is any great degeneration to be regretted. Briefly, we should now think rather poorly of any Englishman of competent faculties and education who should spend the best years of his life in such a place and find nothing better to write in matter or manner than this interminable flood of pettinesses. One slight trait which we have marked is not insignificant for illustration of the times and the society. From one end to the other of these two volumes of Florentine letters we have not discovered one single reference or allusion to Dante. Neither is the writing particularly good in point of style; it is straightforward and not laborious, but has no great positive merit. As for the spelling, one already knew pretty well that even late in the last century persons of quality spelt much as the humour took them; but Dr. Doran's literal transcription has here shown up some oddities of orthography which certainly were unexpected.

It is not easy to give any continuous account of the actual contents of the book, for one may well shrink from the task of unravelling any consecutive threads from such a miscellaneous bundle of broken topics; and in such cases a reviewer is sorely tempted to deal with a book by a shorter, but perhaps not altogether a fair, process, and simply pick out all the plums. We shall aim, however, at keeping within the bounds of moderation in this way. First, then, we have a pretty constantly running stream of allusions to external politics, in which the chief centres of interest are, roughly speaking, the Seven Years' War in the earliest part, and the wars of England with Spain, France, and the American colonies in the later. Of the Tuscan troops who were sent as a contingent to the Imperial army in 1758 Mann speaks with great contempt:—

You can't think what a military air everything has had here for the fortnight past, nor will believe the feats that these troops promise to do; there is not a Cadet or an Ensign who will not take the King of Prussia and carry him, dead or alive, to the Empress Queen. I don't joke. One has heard of twenty of their schemes;—to dress themselves in the Prussian uniform to get access to him, for that purpose. The common men, I believe, will not make so much ceremony of it, but will go over to him in their own cloaths in great numbers.

Had the *Anti-Jacobin* writers known this passage, they might have been tempted to add one of these heroes to their reconciled Austrian and Prussian grenadier in the *Rowers*. At almost every important juncture of a foreign war conflicting rumours were rife in Florence, and not seldom elaborate false news. During the siege of Gibraltar the Spanish Ambassador made solemn weekly reports of its triumphant progress. At an earlier time the Regent of Florence invented the curious expedient of celebrating victories while they still needed confirmation by setting French horns to play in a kind of semi-official manner in a courtyard. For the most part Mann was only a spectator of foreign affairs; the Grand Duchy remained, as such, at peace with England, and apparently with all the world, though contributing, as we have seen, its quota of Imperial troops. We hear, indeed, of the trade of Leghorn merchants being vexed by French privateers, and of occasional visits from the English fleet, whose active protection, however, was never called for, and whose presence caused more trouble than it saved—at all events to the English Minister. He is loud in his complaints of the sea captains he had to entertain, whom, with one exception, he found intolerably boorish; and once it was all he could do to keep a pig-headed Admiral (here and elsewhere we merely represent Mann's judgment of persons) from interfering with a high hand to save and befriend the Duchy against its will. There was one time when Mann and the Florentines suddenly found themselves close to a singular interlude of absolutely mediæval politics; there was a lively quarrel between the Emperor and the Pope for the overlordship of a small fief called Monte di Santa Maria, whose immediate lords had waxed contumacious and set their hands against every man's in an outbreak of petty warfare which very soon degenerated into brigandage. Mann, we may observe, appears always to speak of the Emperor with perfect correctness; notwithstanding which, Dr. Doran writes "Emperor of Germany" in his brief editorial additions with somewhat provoking frequency. During the time covered by these letters the chair of St. Peter was thrice vacant, and we get the humours of Conclaves more or less reflected in the current anecdotes of Florence. Mann records the Cardinal's exhibition of the mode of balloting in Conclave to Leopold, King of the Romans, on which the editor aptly notes:—

This elicited Walpole's justifiable sarcasm: "I delight in the mock election of a Pope, made to amuse Cæsar! How the Capitol must blush at such a Cæsar and such an entertainment!"

By far the most important part of Mann's strictly political functions was watching the movements of the Pretender and his son throughout the considerable space of time during which Rome was the focus of Jacobite movements and intrigues. It is curious to see the turmoil of the Forty-five reflected in the agitation of the

* "*Mann*" and *Manners at the Court of Florence, 1740—1795*. Founded on the Letters of Horace Mann to Horace Walpole. By Dr. Doran, F.S.A. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1876.

little Anglo-Tuscan community. The first thing, of course, on the news of Charles Edward's landing, was to hold a dinner of English merchants at Leghorn, with fourteen patriotic toasts (the list is set out) and a loyal address. The Jacobite partisans on the Continent seem on the whole to have been unrivalled at that time as coiners of paper victories; even after Culloden there were French and Italian gazettes with circumstantial accounts of prodigious Jacobite successes. After this Mann won a pretty notable diplomatic triumph by prevailing on the Papal Government, against the influence of the French Ambassador, not to acknowledge Charles Edward as King of England on the death of the Old Pretender. Of the Young Pretender we hear often enough afterwards, something too often indeed; it is a truly pitiful picture of a wasted and worthless life drained out to its utter dregs.

Various travellers from England, of various condition and distinction, pass across the scene, and form, as it were, another thread in the mixture. A considerable part of Mann's employment was to entertain them, and on the whole he liked it ill enough; he generally says they were silent, or stupid, or offensive; one is led to suspect, however, by other indications, that what he really disliked about it was the expense. He often complains of his salary being not only insufficient at best, but in a chronic state of arrears, and some of his devices to make interest in high quarters for his salary's sake are quaintly barefaced. He seriously discussed with Walpole whether the Duke of Newcastle was likely to be moved by a certain fine coffee-pot, an old present to Mann from Walpole himself. Nevertheless, when he had the chance of entertaining English royalty Mann cast aside his grievances, and entertained in grand style. Celebrated English folk of doubtful reputation are not without representative figures among the Florentine birds of passage; there is a glimpse, but only a glimpse, of Wilkes; and near the end the Duchess of Kingston runs nimbly to and fro. Dr. Doran makes a grave mistake about this lady in one of his own explanations. He says that after her trial for bigamy "she withdrew to the Continent before any penalty (which included burning in the hand) could be pronounced." We know not where Dr. Doran can have found this; the fact is, as anybody may see in the State Trials, that she claimed, and successfully claimed, the statutory privilege of a peer convicted of clergyable felony—namely, to be discharged without any penalty at all. Another little editorial slip is that two different passages at an interval of some thirty pages are both noted as being the first where Mann spells *women* correctly (he generally wrote *women*). But in general Dr. Doran has edited these letters, we will not say as well as they deserve, which might be an ambiguous compliment, but with commendable diligence and discretion; we could wish, indeed, that he had cut them shorter, even if he had reduced the two volumes to one.

We may be allowed to end by selecting a few jottings from the miscellaneous chronicle of social topics. Early in the book we find a curious canonical question, where a man was ordained who had indeed been baptized, but, as it turned out, with *rose-water*; it was referred to the Pope, but the decision is not mentioned. In 1745 black-bordered letter-paper is an innovation; it is the fashion in Florence, but Mann holds out against it, only writing to Walpole, for curiosity, on one sheet, and begging another to keep for himself. There is a few years later a notice of a new English fashion of very different importance, called Methodism; Mann could not get a definition of it from any of the English residents. The English literature of the day does not appear, save in very casual allusions; our Minister was much puzzled by *Tristram Shandy*, the first volumes of which amused him, but afterwards he gave it up as nonsense. This answer of a fine lady has merit in its way:—

The Princesse is gone to the Petraja. I must tell you a most delicate expression she made use of. I asked if she would be at the Procession of Corpus Domini.—"Non, monsieur, mais je vous assure que je suis fatiguée de l'idée que j'avais d'y aller."

At a later date there occurs this report from London:—

Mrs. Pitt has delighted me with a description of a Fête she gave at her house in town, where for want of room she contrived certain Pearches, as she called them, for part of her guests, not indeed to sit upon but to lean against for repose.

Let not those who in our day persist in asking more people to their houses than the houses will hold imagine that they are doing anything new; for so did Mrs. Pitt before them just a century ago; and if they must needs follow Mrs. Pitt's example, they might as well follow it altogether and revive her invention of "perches" for the multitude of standing guests.

BURTON'S ULTIMA THULE.

HARDLY any part of the world seems to have had more attractions for travellers than Iceland. It lies comparatively near to civilized Europe, yet hardly belongs to it, having no connexion with anything that passes on the mainland. It is inhabited by a cultivated—one might say, a highly cultivated—people, who nevertheless live in a state of semi-barbarism. Its natural phenomena, if not all that mediæval imagination painted them, are certainly very strange and impressive. It is less wonderful, then, that the tourist literature of the island should have reached its present bulk, when it would make a respectable library by itself, than that

so few of these many books should be really interesting reading. Some four or five have their scientific value; some, and among them several of the most recent, are worthless for all purposes; but hardly any except Henderson's travels, written more than fifty years ago, is nearly as entertaining as the merits of the subject might have led one to expect. This spell of dulness seems to have been thrown over Captain Burton also. He sets before us two large and handsome octavo volumes, full of information about Iceland of every kind—topographical, geological, zoological, meteorological, historical, economical, political, and we know not what besides—together with the minute diaries of his own journeyings up and down the country. Much of the information is valuable, and the narrative is written with vigour; yet the book as a whole is heavy and dreary. Having read nearly every word of it—a piece of conscientiousness at which we are ourselves surprised—we may express a doubt whether any one else will have patience to do the same. People who have themselves been in Iceland may be interested to know what the traveller thought of some particular view, or how the parson fed him at such a church, or how many hours he took in traversing a given desert; but the rest of the world, which desires only to receive some strong impressions of Icelandic scenery or curious details of Icelandic life, will find these minute records of travel (and especially the endless topographical and geological notes) insufferably tedious. Oddly enough, Captain Burton does not give a vivid general impression, or indeed any general impression, of the island. We are lost in the multiplicity of details. We cannot see the wood for the trees. How far all the information which he has been at such pains to collect is trustworthy could not be decided without a laborious process of comparison and verification. Much of it is thrown together in a hasty and negligent way, the notes, which seem in most or many cases to have been supplied to him by some one else, frequently correcting or contradicting the text. On the whole, one is disposed to give credit to whatever he states from personal observation, for he is evidently a keen and unweariedly active observer, whose eyes are always roving over everything round him, and whose pencil and note-book are never out of his hand. And we should be still more trustful did not his way of assuming universal knowledge excite our suspicions. A sensible man ought to be above the silliness of affecting to speak on half a dozen sciences and half a dozen more branches of learning as if he were master of them all; and when we find a writer doing so, still more when we find that he is sadly at fault in one or two departments where we can judge of his attainments for ourselves, we look much more doubtfully than before at his dicta upon topics where any kind of special knowledge or special training is needed. When we have detected more mistakes in his botany than can possibly be set down to the printer's account, and some odd-looking deliverances in his geological notes, we become suspicious, perhaps unduly suspicious, of his zoology; when we discover him blundering in his classical scholarship, we care no more for his attempts at comparative philology. An eager desire to set right all his predecessors who have been apt to exaggerate the marvels of Iceland and the dangers of travelling there makes him frequently seem captious, and disposes him to depreciate the island and its people in a rather childish way. Some writers have spoken of the ascent of Hecla as an exploit; Captain Burton therefore pronounces Hecla "a humbug." Others have extolled the simple virtues of the natives; he accuses them of habitual drunkenness. Some again have talked of the abundance of game; he professes to have found few ptarmigan or wild duck—both of which, if one is to trust other reports, are tolerably abundant—and disparages the golden plover, though, as any one knows who has shot them on our own south-western coasts, they are excellent eating. Nevertheless, after making these allowances, he is certainly an excellent observer of what comes under his own eyes and is within the range of his own knowledge. Upon such a topic as the Icelandic horses, or the dress of the natives, or their personal appearance, or their domestic habits, he writes well; for he has not only noticed everything that there was to notice, but has evidently committed his impressions to paper at the moment, and spent no little trouble in working them up afterwards.

The style of the book suffers, not only from a disagreeable air of dogmatism, but from the constant straining after effect. It is surprising to find so practised a writer with so little power of easy and flowing description. There is a jottiness, so to speak, and a jerkiness about the progress of his narrative or disquisition which reminds one of the way in which he describes himself as traversing an Icelandic bog, leaping from one stone or grass tuft to another, over pools and quags, into which he occasionally gets soused. There is also much slovenly English, both in construction and in the use of vulgarisms, such as the American "loaned" for "lent," and that odious piece of schoolgirl slang, "photo" for "photograph." However, through the style as well as the substance there gleams out a sort of idiosyncrasy which often gives the reader amusement. We have rarely met with a traveller more willing, in fact more apparently anxious, to describe himself as well as what he sees—his smartness, his resource in difficulties, his vanity, his aggressiveness, his fondness for seeing far into a millstone, his power of adapting himself to circumstances. It suggests some curious reflections on human nature when one finds a man well past middle life, who has certainly seen a great deal of the world and has yet boyishness enough to enjoy revenging himself by a sneer or a sarcasm in his book on people in Iceland who have somehow or other offended him—a sarcasm which is of course quite pointless for the ordinary reader, and can serve no

* *Ultima Thule; or, a Summer in Iceland.* By Richard F. Burton. London and Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo. 1875.

purpose but to wound the self-love of the victim, if he happens to see it, and gratify the self-love of the writer himself. Many people would give this snappishness a harsher name; but, from various indications in the book, we are inclined to think Captain Burton a better fellow than he would have us believe. He has evidently, like most people who unite a touch of pedantry to their vanity, little or no sense of humour—the gift which a traveller, more than any one thing else, needs to carry with him. But we feel sure that his bark is worse than his bite, and that he is by no means ill-natured at bottom. Though he seems to have set himself down to write with the purpose of depreciating both the island and the people, he ends by finding plenty of good to say about the latter; and is occasionally roused to striking bits of description by the grand scenery of the north-western coasts and the skirts of the Vatna Jökull.

To give an account of the contents of a book which endeavours to exhaust Iceland in pretty nearly every department would be no short or easy task. It begins with disquisitions on the name and early history of the island; then come chapters on physical geography, anthropology, education and professions, zoology, and so forth; then an account of the author's voyage out, a description of Reykjavik, the capital of the island, and its environs, and finally a minute narrative of his various expeditions into the interior and round the coast. Of these, the first part, the notes on history and literature, are much the worst. They are compiled from books which the author has often misunderstood; they betray a sad ignorance of Scandinavian history, and a complete incapacity for appreciating old Scandinavian literature. Indeed the first chapter, on the name Thule, could not have been written by any one with even a moderate amount of historical sense and historical training. Captain Burton is at immense pains to show that some of the ancient Greek and Latin writers meant Iceland when they talked about Thule, and he fancies he has proved this when he has shown that some of the things they say of their Thule happen to suit Iceland, whereas they would suit any country lying very far to the North. Because some one, for instance, says that in Thule the sun does not set in summer, he must therefore, insists our author, have intended Iceland, where this is true (which it hardly is, by the way), although it is easy to see that people who found the day lengthening as they went north would conclude that, if they got far enough, there would be no night at all, just as Marco Polo tells us of a country so far north that its inhabitants see the Pole star to the south of them. Nothing can be clearer to any one who looks through the authorities than that Thule was a perfectly vague or general name, applied to any or every land lying out to the north or west in the unknown ocean. When we do get it used with some approach to definiteness, as by Tacitus in the *Life of Agricola*, who may well have been repeating what those who sailed in Agricola's fleet told him, it means a comparatively near region, probably Shetland or the Fair Isle, possibly the Lewis or Foula. There is not the slightest reason to fancy that any ancient Roman writer had ever heard even of the existence of Iceland, the first faint reference to which, if it be a reference, is to be found in Adamnan; and even more absurd is Captain Burton's attempt to prove, following Pontanus, that it was known to the Germans in the beginning of the ninth century, some sixty years before its discovery by Naddodr. The passages in a letter of Pope Gregory IV., and a charter of Lewis, son of Charlemagne, to which he refers, are obviously later interpolations; and any critical Northern scholar would have seen this, as Mr. Jón A. Hjalteín shows by his note to Captain Burton's text that he sees it. Among lesser historical blunders we may notice his ascription of the Irish names in Iceland to the few hermits originally established there; whereas it is due to the great immigration of Irish Norsemen, led among others by Aud the Deeply Rich (of whom he does not seem to have heard), and the connexion with Ireland which was thereafter occasionally kept up. A reference to Dr. Dasent's translation of the *Njáls saga* might have saved him from another mistake (vol. ii. p. 197), where he talks in a jaunty way of Flosi's "escaping the bloodstone"; whereas Flosi's leap across one of the chasms at Thingvellir is a comparatively late tradition, and in any case it was not "the bloodstone" that he had to fear.

When he gets out of the past into the present, Captain Burton improves very much. His descriptive parts contain plenty of really useful information; and the diary of his travels, though far too minute, wearying us with names and distances, and endless comparisons of everything he sees with Brazil, or the Hauran, or the mouth of the river Congo, or the Illyrian coast, or Central India, is done so thoroughly as to be serviceable to future explorers, and perhaps even of some value to men of science. Here and there, too, the book is interspersed with sketches of life which have—as, for instance, that of the farm at Reykjahlid (vol. ii. p. 287)—considerable force, and most force when they are least complimentary. In his mountaineering our author was certainly unlucky. He attacked Herthubreid, one of the highest and most interesting summits, but had to abandon it when no great distance from the top, and he never got more than a distant view of the great Vatna Jökull. No one, however, who perceives from his account what are the difficulties of getting over ground in Iceland will be surprised at these failures. There are no roads, and instead of them the soil is alternately quagmire, iron-hard lava, and sandy or stone-strewn desert. All the food (which it is hard enough to procure) has to be carried on the backs of ponies, for whom it is frequently impossible to find pasture. The rivers are rapid, cold, and often unfordable. The natives, according to our author, or at least those of

them who are available as guides, are sluggish and wilful, showing little energy in any occupation except horse-dealing. And, finally, the weather is not merely capricious, but has a strong preference for rain and sleet even in the two or three months of summer. These discomforts affect a traveller's view of men and things; and Captain Burton seems to think that, on the whole, he made a bad investment of his time and strength in going to Iceland. However this may be, we can only wish that he had been content to describe it more briefly. The book would have accomplished more had it attempted less; as it is, the substantial value which parts of it possess is likely to be ignored by those whom the ponderousness of the whole repels. If a second edition is ever called for, and the author wishes its merits—for it has merits—to be properly recognized by the general reader, we should advise him to cut out about one-third of it, including all the history, and nearly all the wearisome disquisitions on the sulphur deposits, and resolutely to condense the narrative of his own journeys. The book may then have a success which we fear can hardly be predicted for it in its present form.

THE RIVER DEE.*

IF, as may doubtless be shown by precedents, a Dean can find time from the concerns of his fabric and his Chapter to give to local topography, assuredly Dean Howson has had the stimulus of a rare temptation. One of the pleasantest paths of topography is to trace the course of a river, and few rivers have so fascinating a course or so varied a history as Deva's "wizard stream." Therefore it was but natural that one who had already contributed with credit and success to more than one geographical and topographical undertaking should avail himself of the opportunity of furnishing letterpress for Mr. Rimmer's drawings, which, if we mistake not, were the subjects of wood engravings in the *Art Journal*. The only drawback to such a combination is that such letterpress is apt to be too sketchy and cursory, and that there is often a tendency to sacrifice detailed description to the exigencies of the pictures; whilst occasionally, as in the case of the bridge at Llansaintffraid, in c. viii., a drawing appears of which there is not the slightest account given in the text. With the Dean's plan, indeed, of tracing the river from source to mouth, from the north-eastern slopes of the Merioneth hill-country to the sands of Dee, the opening of the estuary, and Hilbre Island—especially as in two architectural chapters contributed by Mr. Rimmer the reverse route is taken—there is no fault to be found; but it is with a sense of wrong that we find the topographer hurrying over the very places where he might so well have lingered, and fallen into even a gossiping vein. Justice is certainly done to Bala Lake, with its legendary, poetic, and scientific associations, among which—not to speak of the early home of Arthur—we have the phenomenon of the freshets brought on the Mere "even in a dry summer, and when the Dee is just sparkling in a scanty stream over pebbles"—

As the south-west [wind] blowing Bala Lake
Fills all the sacred Dee—

and the general results of the engineering survey made of the lake in 1866 with a view to the water supply of the great towns of Cheshire and Lancashire. These, it is calculated, might be fed with the waters from the Merioneth hills by building a breakwater at the lake's narrow outlet, damming up a few mountain passes, so as in dry summers to store up the water still further in artificial lakes, and impounding the tributary Tryweryn, which enters the Dee just below the lake, and has a very extensive drainage-area. Notice is also duly taken of the ancient fancy that the Dee passed through the lake without mixing with its waters, in proof whereof Drayton and others have noted that the salmon, so characteristic of the river, is not taken in the lake, and that the "white fish," the "gwyniaid" peculiar to the lake, are not found in the river. The Dean endorses Pennant's opinion that it does not suit the habits of the salmon to come up further from the sea than this point, whilst the gwyniaid itself is essentially a lake fish.

A little more might have been said of Bala town and its pretensions to have been once a Roman summer station on the road betwixt Uriconium and Segontium; but it is as we track the river past Corwen that we first feel a sense of deficiency. It is true that the author invites us to tarry here; but it is only to give, with very little local reference, the story of Owen Glyndwr; and we have to regret the omission of any mention of so remarkable a fortified post as Caer Drewyn on the left bank of the Dee, and of Owain's Seat on the other, immediately above the town, just as, five pages before, Llanderfel is dismissed with a bare mention. Perhaps this may be attributed to a desire to make a longer halt at Valle Crucis Abbey, where, to a careful review of the architecture of that ruin, Dean Howson adds a few facts showing how in their latter days the Cistercians had deflected from the severity and simplicity which their white cassocks were intended to indicate. Following the proposed order of this survey of the Dee, rather than its author's execution of his plan, we may remark that, in treating of Llangollen Bridge, "one of the seven wonders of Wales and three beauties of North Wales," the Dean, while careful to mention its builder, Bishop Trevor of St. Asaph, at one time the ally of Henry Bolinbroke, at another of Glendower, and its situation

* *The River Dee: its Aspect and History.* By J. S. Howson, D.D., Dean of Chester. With 93 Illustrations on Wood from Drawings by Alfred Rimmer. London: Virtue & Co. 1875.

over a rocky stream which in floods justifies the "black" derivation of its name, does not seem to be aware that the original bridge has had to be widened some nine feet, and that consequently the western side of it only simulates the ancient structure of four irregularly pointed arches. We share his satisfaction that tubular bridges are later inventions than Telford and Robertson's aqueduct (Pont-Cysylltan) and viaducts, which undoubtedly give a not inharmonious effect to the scenery of the Llangollen vale; and it is a happy thought which leads him to compare these grand engineering works of the eighteenth century with those of ten centuries earlier, Offa's Dyke and Watt's Dyke. The Dee can claim an interest in these old-world boundaries or barriers both in the south-eastern portion of its course, and also beyond Flint, at the north-west. The mention, a little further on, of the Dee at Overton, unavoidably introduces the coracles which belong to it almost as much as its pretty churchyard; but it would have been only fair to the Britons when suggesting that some have supposed them to have got their hide-bound canoe's name from the Latin "corium," to have added that the Latins got from the Britons their name for the basket, which they learned to make in Britain. The Welsh "basgawd" is the Latin "bascauda." From Overton to Bangor Monachorum is an easy transition, and this brings in associations of Church history in which Dean Howson is naturally at home, though it is a pity that he allowed the name of "Maes-German" instead of "Maes-Garmon" to stand in p. 55 as the synonym of the Field of St. Germanus, and as the scene of the Allelujah Victory on the banks of the Alyn.

When, a little below Farndon Bridge, the Dee becomes a Cheshire river, a special interest attaches to it as connected with the footsteps of the Roman conquerors, who came this way on the campaigns which ended with the reduction of Anglesey and with an occupation of this part of England extending over four hundred years. Before, however, we approach Eaton and Chester, where the Dee exchanges its early passionate character for broad and calm reaches of river, we are introduced to two places confronting each other on opposite sides of the stream ten miles apart, Wrexham and Malpas. Of the latter, on the Cheshire side, this volume gives us a little legendary lore, if not much that can be called history. The parish has an upper and a lower rectory, and the two moieties trace back, according to local fable, to a King's detention at the village tavern, where (and no marvel, as it was on the Welsh border) he fell in with the curate. Who can blame the latter for descending so opportunely on the disparity between his absentee rector and himself in point of work and pay, or the King for redressing the balance? Hence, we are told, the Cheshire proverb of "Higglety-Pigglety; Malpas shot," the latter part of which is a little vague, though the former is consistent with the interpretation given by Bohn, Hazlitt, and *Notes and Queries* (Ser. 1, vol. xi.) that Higgledy-Piggledy is *i.e.* "one among another," "tantum quantum," or "dividing equally." It may be hoped that the fortunate curate was not called upon to rival the state of the Upper Rectory, if all its occupants found it incumbent on their dignity to drive to church as did one of them, Bishop Heber's father, in a carriage and four, though the distance was not many yards. *Apropos* of proverbs connected with the Dee, it is a pity that Dean Howson has not noticed a Chester form of the proverb about shutting the door when the steed is stolen—"when your daughter is stolen, shut Peppergate." He does, by the way, record two proverbs about Bala. "As firm as Bala bell," said of things firmly set, still calls for interpretation; and the other local adage, "Bala has gone, and Bala will go," represents as yet an only half-fulfilled prophecy based on the action of the floods of the lake. None of the Cheshire proverbs given by Ray seem to appertain to the Dee-side.

As interesting as anything connected with this famous river is the military occupation of it by the Romans with a fixed camp, which gave its name to Chester. Here from the days of Agricola and the Emperor Claudius until the recall of all the legions to resist the barbarians in the fifth century, the Twentieth Legion with its auxiliaries and accretions had as definite a station as the Second had at Caerleon-on-Usk. And, to quote an apt parallel of Dean Howson's, "Just as our 22nd Regiment has in Chester Cathedral a proud relic in the old flags which were at the taking of Quebec, so does the city still preserve visible and durable memorials of this Twentieth Legion." Detachments of it have left their traces at Holt, opposite Farndon on the Dee, and at Caergwrle on the Alyn; and tradition points with much probability to a strong infusion of Christians among the legionary soldiers quartered at "Castrum." A church dedicated to St. Peter and Paul, who had been recently martyred when this legion came, is said to have stood on the site of the present cathedral. A church to St. Peter alone still stands not far from the point of intersection of the four Roman ways, near the Pentice, which Pennant supposes to have been built on the site of the Roman Prætorium, and the High Cross, which was demolished by Cromwell, though its remnants are set up in the grounds of Netherleigh, on the Dee, near Eaton. Incidentally this book testifies to several vestiges of the Roman occupation; for instance, the Rows, for which Chester has a fame peculiarly its own, are conjectured by Stukeley in his "Itinerary" to have had their origin in the hint given by the Roman portico (see p. 96). The mines again, on the Flintshire shore of the estuary, were worked by the Romans with remarkable energy and success. Of the more visible and distinct memorials of Roman Chester the account given is disappointing. We are told of some destroyed arches, marking, till a century ago, one of the entrances to the city, and of

the discovery, in removing an old hotel in Bridge Street, of Roman ground floors, fragments of tessellated pavement, and a hypocaust. Roofing tiles, with paving and flue tiles, represent the same date, and one of the paving tiles is especially curious, inasmuch as "across the clearly-impressed mark of the Twentieth Legion, and at right angles with the inscription, are the indentations of the nails of a Roman soldier's *caliga*, which must have stood upon the tile while it was yet wet." Alongside of the woodcut representing this are two Roman altars, which carry us in thought to the Museum, and suggest the wish that the Dean had borrowed a leaf out of an excellent lecture by Mr. Thomas Hughes, F.S.A., one of the secretaries of the Chester Archaeological Society, and explained the connexion of these at least with Roman Chester. One of them was dug up some fourteen years ago in clearing away rubbish and earth below the level of Pepper Alley or Goddestall Lane, a passage running into Eastgate Street, and leading formerly to the church of St. Oswald. The inscription on it imports that "(Elius Claudian, the Optio (or sub-centurion) here redeems his vow to the holy Genius presiding over his century"; the other, which seems to have belonged to the Bridge Street "find" in 1861, bears an axe, knife, and other implements of sacrifice on its sculptured sides, and in front the inscription "DEE MINERVA (E) FURI (VS) FORTVNATVS MAG. V. (S)," MAG probably standing for "magister," and the addition of an s for "solvit" making the whole intelligible. To us a still more curious altar is that which, with two others, is among the treasures of the Chester Museum, and was dug up at the "Saracen's Head" behind the Old Town Hall. The fragmentary inscription on it seemingly purports that the person who erected it was the Greek physician of the Governor of the Roman station, and that his pious offering is to the gods of his own craft. The letters of the inscription are Greek, and include, writes Mr. Hughes, "a pure" (but certainly not an elegant) "hexameter." Another altar, four feet high, was found in 1821, the inscription on which shows, as do others in this country and on the Continent, that it was a votive altar, "Nymphis et Fontibus." It is on the east of the Roman camp, "where are all the best wells the city can boast." Those who may chance to fall in with this interesting lecture of Mr. Hughes will find in it an able survey of the Roman remains in Chester, well fitted to supply the gaps in Dean Howson's account of the Romans on the Dee. Whether the theory broached by the author, of several intramural interments, and even an intramural cemetery of Roman date, be as tenable as it seems likely, we are not in a position to determine. It is fair to the Dean of Chester to say that he does not omit to mention that the famous walls of Chester follow, save at the southern extremity, the line marked out by the Romans.

Perhaps the most satisfactory chapter in the book before us is that which discourses on Chester's two cathedrals, the Abbey of St. Werburgh and St. Oswald, and the early Norman minster of St. John. The Dean gives very graphically the historical associations of each, *e.g.* the legends in which Bradshaw and Higden connect Edgar the Peaceful and Harold with the precincts of the one, and the joint hand which Anselm and Hugh Lupus had in founding the other. He omits, while speaking of the gigantic round Norman piers of the nave of St. John's, to say aught of the curious fresco lately discovered on one of them; but he is naturally full of the discovery of fresh fragments of St. Werburgh's shrine amidst the materials of a wall built across the west end of the north side of the nave in Chester Cathedral. He notes also, besides the immense size of the south transept, used since the Reformation as the place of worship for St. Oswald's parish, the singular conical roof of the end of the south aisle of the choir, which is now restored to the form it bore in Edward I.'s day, and which is unique in England, though examples of it in Normandy indicate the early and intimate communication between the Abbey of St. Werburgh and the Abbey of Bec. A Handbook of the Cathedral, edited by Dean Howson, would be invaluable to readers desirous of studying its careful revival, if it did but expand the information contained in this chapter. Of Chester in the Civil Wars there are other and far fuller accounts, even in small compass, than the sketch in the seventh chapter, the two points chiefly memorable in it being the remark that the walls were then the same as now, and as in the Edwardian period, but that the gates towards the Dee (now gone) were protected by towers, of which the Water Tower at the north-west angle of the city is a reminiscence; and a description of the Rows, which had then more shops on the outer edge of the footways, whilst those within shelter of the Rows were on the side furthest from the street, and were not glazed, but protected at night by shutters, which in the day were hooked up above people's heads. In his last chapter Dean Howson shows that a pretty close parallel to these Rows might be made by combining the features of the chief streets in the Swiss towns of Thun and Berne. His mention of the staples in the Water Tower, to which ships were formerly moored, reminds us of the recovery from the sea, within a century and a half, of a large embanked tract, commencing from old Dee Bridge and the entrance to the city at the old Ship Gate. The chief fault we have to find with the account of this part of the Dee and of the estuary which succeeds it is, that, perhaps for want of space, the author postpones to a concluding chapter notices of such places as Holywell and Basingwerk, and of such tracts as the singularly-shaped peninsula of Wirral on the opposite side. When in his last chapter he has to discharge the debt thus incurred, it is little to be marvelled that the word of promise is meagrely and barely kept. With the two chapters (x. and xi.) contributed by Mr. Rimmer we should have been

better pleased had he attempted less, and done more thoroughly what was really worth doing. Thus, in condemning the crude castellated architecture of the modern Hawarden Castle he wastes space which he might far better have expended on the grand old castle and its sylvan surroundings. Again, the omission of an *excursus* in 141-3 on architectural styles apropos of Bryn-y-pys would have left room for a less scanty account of Chirk Castle. Had the drawings and letterpress about such modern places as Heron Bridge, Plas-madoc, and Palé Hall been omitted, Mr. Rimmer might have found space for a fitting notice of Rhiwlas, Rhagat, and Râg, three places of curious interest, of which the Jacobean chapel near the last named may stand for an example. What Mr. Rimmer has done thoroughly is the account in pp. 136-8 of the new mansion (or palace) at Eaton.

If we part with this book rather in the spirit of Oliver Twist, "asking for more," it is because we cannot doubt Dean Howson's ability to do better things by the Dee. His last chapter gives some promise of it in his glances at Hilbre Island, Hoylake, Neston, and the estuary in general. His introductory chapter shows that he has not neglected the poetry of rivers, English or foreign. His own prose about the Dee is fluent and readable, and the engravings and getting up of the book deserve liberal praise.

ANNALS OF ENGLAND.*

IT is doubtless by an error of the printer that more than one advertisement of this book would give the unwary reader the impression that it is the work of Professor Stubbs. All that Professor Stubbs is responsible for is a cautiously worded commendatory note. The author still veils himself under initials. We do not much like the system of commendatory notes and commendatory prefaces; but we are bound to say that Mr. Stubbs's note exactly expresses what others besides himself have found in the book. Mr. Stubbs declares himself "able to testify to its general accuracy and great usefulness." He adds:—"I still believe it to be the most valuable compendium of our history that we possess, and I know that its use as a handbook in lecture has been well proved both by my predecessor Mr. Goldwin Smith and myself." Many years ago the book in its original form was recommended by the Examiners in Law and Modern History; and we can quite see how thoroughly useful it must be for a Professor, an Examiner, or a *bonâ fide* student refreshing his memory before an examination. It is no less useful for any reader or writer of history who wishes to turn to a date or a point of detail at a moment's notice. The book exactly suits the purposes of all these classes of people. Its good points make it exactly available for them, while its defects do them no harm. If we wish to be reminded of the exact date, the exact circumstances, the exact actors, in any event in English history, to call them to mind at a short notice without having to hunt through many books, there is no better way of refreshing the memory than by turning to the *Annals of England*. The facts and dates are almost always accurately given, and there are many references to the original writers. The book, too, is well provided with summaries and genealogies and notices of the original materials. The whole is very carefully and intelligently put together, and it would be hard to find so much matter of a particular kind so well packed together in the same space. For the purposes, then, of a professor or teacher of any kind, of an examiner, of a student in the highest stage of his studies—of any one, in short, who wishes, not to learn things for the first time, but to refresh his memory with what he has already learned, to see the whole put forth in a clear and systematic shape—for all these the book is the very thing that they want. For all these purposes it amply merits Mr. Stubbs's recommendation. He who is reading or teaching or writing about any of the periods which are embraced in the book—that is to say, the whole history of England down to the coming in of the Hanoverian family—will do well to keep the book beside him for the purposes of which we have just spoken. And in the present edition, which takes the form of a single octavo instead of three little volumes, it is still more practically useful. The examiner, when he finds himself run dry in the task of devising new questions for each candidate or batch of candidates, has only to open the *Annals*, and he is sure to light upon something of which he has not thought, and which just suits his purpose. So with the teacher, so with the advanced student. A book of this kind is always suggesting points which might otherwise not have been noticed; it is always calling to mind points which have been noticed but which have been forgotten; and, perhaps still more than either, it hinders points from being forgotten. Being something more than a chronological table and something less than an actual narrative, it exactly suits this particular purpose, and this is evidently the purpose which Mr. Stubbs has in his eye in his commendatory note. Never were words better chosen for their purpose than those which the Professor uses in his recommendation. "He is able to testify"—so is every one who has used the book—"to its general accuracy and great usefulness." He believes it to be "the most valuable compendium of our history that we possess." This is exactly what the book is. It is a compendium of history, not a history. It is useful for those persons and for those purposes for which a compendium of history is useful. "Its use as a handbook in lectures has been well proved"; so has its

use as a handbook for other purposes. Mr. Stubbs, in short, gives the book exactly the recommendation which it deserves, neither more nor less. If he had said less, he would not have done justice to the real value of the book. If he had said more, he might have misled people into using the book for purposes for which it is not suited.

The truth is that the *Annals of England* will be useful only for those who can use it in the kind of way of which we have spoken. Teachers, examiners, learners who are not in the first stage of their learning, all these need to have their memories refreshed. They do not need to learn things for the first time. All of them may be supposed to be able to exercise some degree of judgment on what they read. For them, therefore, the book is useful, because they can use it as a compendium of history. But if any one were led to use it, not as a compendium of history, but as history itself, the book would be found to be by no means suited for that purpose; and, if its reader got on with it at all, he would probably be led into many mistakes. The mere form of the book makes it unfit for this use. It is not a book to be read through, but a book to be referred to on occasion. It would not at all suit the purpose of a reader who knew nothing, or very little, of the subject before he began to read it. It is not a narrative, but a summary relieved by occasional illustrations and discussions of difficult and disputed points. Both of these are useful for the advanced student who can use his own judgment. Neither would be good for the reader who is not yet in a position to use his judgment. In the mere statements of fact there is very little in the book to correct or to object to; in the "views," as Mr. Stubbs seems to hint, there is a good deal. The writer showed from the beginning a certain tendency to crotchety-ness and, in the years which have passed since his first edition came out, he has made good use of new lights in mere matters of fact; he has hardly made such good use of them in matters of opinion. Some of his summaries indeed, taken by themselves, would be positively mischievous; only in the chronological part of the book he himself often supplies the antidote. Indeed, in some parts he allows his prejudices even to colour the chronological part. He has a strange prejudice against Edward the First, which we should think must have cost Mr. Stubbs an effort when he wrote the commendatory note. Most certainly the Professor might decline to pledge himself to the annalist's views on this head. The annalist talks of "Edward's iniquitous enterprise against Wales;" and when we come to the year 1282 the "iniquitous enterprise" of Earl David against Hawarden Castle is told in very delicate terms indeed. So, directly after, we read how the Scots "superseded Balliol," and then follows:—

Edward advanced against them, mercilessly ravaged their country from one end to the other, and formally annexed it to his dominions; he also captured and executed Wallace, who almost alone kept the field.

Here the chronology corrects the summary. By the chronology the reader will find out, what he would hardly guess from the summary, that the events of ten years are crowded together in this very short narrative. And it is some comfort that, when we do come to the year 1305, we do not hear anything about Wallace being "betrayed." In other parts the annalist shows a tendency to various fantastic notions. He has evidently a longing to believe that Richard the Second escaped, and a still stronger inclination to believe in Perkin Warbeck. These are fair subjects for discussion, and the only classes of people by whom the book can be safely used can judge of them for themselves; but they are rather too prominently put forward if the book were meant for beginners. The writer has a fancy for Richard the Third, who certainly has been painted blacker than he need be; that is to say, a man who is guilty of one great crime has been charged with several imaginary crimes, and his real merits in other ways have been left out of sight. But the annalist shows a manifest wish to make out, if he could, that Richard did not make away with either of his nephews; and it is rather amusing when, after talking in other places of the hereditary right of the House of York, talking of Duke Richard as "the legitimate King," and so forth, he is obliged to fall back on the ancient doctrine of election in order to defend the succession of Richard the Third. The characters of the Kings generally show but little depth or discernment, while they often show a certain striving after paradox. In the portraits of the Angevins the writer would have done better if he had more closely studied the great Prefaces of the scholar who recommends him. But we thank him for pointing out that John was not a mere fool and coward, though he hardly seems aware of the great importance in a constitutional point of view of the fact that he was not so. And though we do not find the old fable about John usurping the crown to the prejudice of a supposed lawful heir, yet again the writer does not bring out the importance of the fact that John reigned by as good a title as any king before or after him. It is of the utmost moment to bear in mind that the Great Charter was wrung neither from an usurper nor from a fool, but from a king whose right to his crown was undoubted, and who, if he had had any moral principle or any steadiness of purpose, might have been far from a contemptible ruler. Henry the Second is unduly run down from the ecclesiastical point of view. On the other hand, some fantastic notion of chivalry pleads for his successor, the Poitevin Count to whom England may be thankful for letting her see so little of him. Henry the Eighth is certainly not drawn after Mr. Froude; but he is, as far as his personal character is concerned, drawn rather too much in a daub the other way. It is wonderful how few people seem able to grasp the peculiar character of Henry's govern-

* The *Annals of England: an Epitome of English History, from Contemporary Writers, the Rolls of Parliament, and other Public Records*. Library Edition. Oxford and London: James Parker & Co. 1876.

ment—the tyranny which is from one side the worst and from another the best, the tyranny which keeps to the letter of the law. When we get to the seventeenth century, there is a kind of subdued Royalist tone, and an exaggerated amount of space is given to ecclesiastical matters. Through all these things the teacher or the experienced student can pick his way without danger; he can cull what is useful and leave out the rest. A beginner cannot do so; and if the book were put into the hands of a beginner, it would most likely give him quite false notions on many important points.

CAROLS.*

IF a carol is a song for four voices, as a carillon is a chime for four bells, it seems right enough that there should be four different ways in which carols may be studied. Some people take only the comic side, just as some people collect or repeat only comic epitaphs. Others, again, think only of carols as poetry. But to antiquaries they are doubly interesting, revealing as they do ancient popular modes of thought and worship, and conveying to our ears, in the melodies to which they are sung, echoes of the music of the most remote ages. The musical student and the antiquary have long, however, been kept out of their inheritance in carols by the collectors of jokes and ballads, and now a fifth competitor begins to assert his claim. Mr. Chope steps in and demands carols for use in churches at Christmas and Epiphany; and as there are enough and to spare for all, there is no reason why his wish should remain unsatisfied. The number of carols of all kinds in existence is enormous. Everybody has his own version of every favourite, and such a piece as the "Cherry Tree" is not only known in half a dozen languages, but in English alone there are possibly some twenty versions in print. Moreover it is not always easy to say what is and what is not a carol. The "four-part song" explanation only accounts for the word, but by no means limits its present extension. A "Carrol of Huntynge" occurs in the *Boke of St. Alban's*. It will not do now to propose a new name, though it might be worth while to distinguish "Christmas Carols" from carols in which there is no distinct reference to Christmas. Richard James, the nephew of a famous Bodley Librarian, offers us one name which will do for Easter carols, if anybody likes it:—

As erst I have at Easter done
Thy Threnothriambeuticon.

But if "carol" has not so learned a sound and is somewhat vague, it will do for our present purpose very well. Any attempt to make it mean less than it does now would probably be futile, while it would certainly be impossible to make it mean more.

That carols should so often partake of a macaronic character is not surprising. Mr. Baring-Gould, in an introductory essay to Mr. Chope's collection, shows that they were in the first instance invented to bring the old Latin hymns of the Church within the reach of the uncultivated mind. The hymns themselves had been invented for the same purpose. And as a number of the technical terms, so to speak, of ritual had been familiarized to the popular ear, the early carols contain many scraps of Latin and words of doubtful import, and point in many cases to superstitious and even heathen observances which previously had obtained no place in the literature of Christianity. Our country children continue the dances which were once to be seen in the churches, and sing carols, like that of the "Three Ships," of some versions of which the very meaning has long perished. Mr. Baring-Gould suggests that the "Milly boxes," which in the West Riding the children carry round as they sing their carols, are so called by corruption from "My Lady's boxes," but a simpler explanation may be found, and one which illustrates this connexion between the modern carol and the ancient hymn. Mr. Baring-Gould is, no doubt, well acquainted with the "Cradle Song" of the Blessed Virgin, "Canticum Benedictæ Matris ad Filium in Præsepe jacentem," which begins,

"Dormi, Fili, dormi," Mater
Cantat Unigenito;

and ends with a kind of chorus, very suitable for a carol,

Millies Tibi laudes canimus,
Mille, mille, millies!

With this refrain in our ears it is not easy to believe that the Yorkshire carol singers' boxes had any other reference. The Christmas song "Bring us home good ale" is the successor of "Bonum vinum cum sapore," itself a profane rendering of a Latin hymn; and the "Dormi, Fili," finds its English parallel in "This endris nyght," of which versions may be found in many books. The last verse will serve as a specimen (*Percy Society*, lxxiii.):—

Now, sweet son, syne it is so, that all thyng is at thi wyll,
I pray the graunte me a bone, yf it be both ryght and skyl.
That chyld or man that wyl or kan
Be mery upon my day [this gud day, *Edinb. MS.*]
To blyse hem bryng, and I shal syng
Lullay, by by, lullay.

Of cradle-songs, indeed, as of drinking-songs, there would seem to be no end among Christmas Carols.

Much more puzzling and mysterious are the songs which seem to us now in many cases simply absurd. Sometimes they do not

appear to have any reference whatever to Christmas. The famous ballad of the "Old Woman and her Pig," as well as the very similar "House that Jack Built," is said on good authority to have a Jewish origin. We have seen very similar pieces in service books of the Portuguese Hebrews possibly as old as the twelfth century. A long and interesting treatise might be written on these Passover songs and their allegorical meaning. They are not, however, carols. But their parallel is to be found in the Christian rhymes commencing for the most part with the line "One is one," of which the Latin original is very curious, and has a strange, if a true, history. It was communicated to *Notes and Queries* in 1868 (4 § II. 557) by the late very competent Roman Catholic scholar Mr. Husenbeth:—

Die mihi quid sit unus?
Unus est verus Deus, qui regnat in cœlis.
Die mihi quid sint duo?
Duo tabulæ Moysis.
Unus est verus Deus, qui regnat in cœlis.
Die mihi quid sint tres?
Tres Patriarchæ.
Duo tabulæ Moysis.
Unus est verus Deus, qui regnat in cœlis.

And so on to the Eleven Thousand Virgins, and finally the Twelve Apostles. Somewhat similar is an English poem communicated by Mr. Hazlitt to the same volume (p. 390), which begins:—

When watch strikes one then thinke y^e in one band
Of Love as bretheren we are bound to live:
And when two sounds, it makes me trembling stand,
Come blest, goe curst, y^e doom wth god shall give.

This is printed together with a Latin version from a manuscript written about 1630. Very like it is the well-known "Vienna Watchman's Song," and there are many variations of different degrees of interest and beauty. More strictly of the nature of a Christmas Carol is "O Thou Man," of which Mr. Sandys (p. 106) gives an old, and Mr. Chope (No. 76) a new version.

Of legendary carols, too, a large number, some of great beauty, might be quoted. They are chiefly, like the "Withy Tree," founded on stories from the apocryphal Gospels. Others, like the "Cherry Tree," are to be found illustrated in old pictures and engravings, among which we need only mention works of such different artists as Leonardo, Van der Werff, and Martin Schöngauer. The last in a fine engraving makes a date tree to bow down as the Mother and Child pass by on their flight into Egypt. When the Empress Eugénie visited Egypt some years ago, it is said that this date, which had flourished ever since, according to the Eastern traditions, was presented to her. In another carol the three Wise Men are identified with the three sons of Noah. Another embalms the names of the Shepherds, Sophron and Philetina, Elpison and Christella, Nephelus and Dorothea, names which differ widely from those in French woodcuts of the sixteenth century. In some Herod's eldest son is slain among the Holy Innocents. "Aunt Mary's Tree" is identified as the holly in an English carol, of which the late Mr. Hawker made a beautiful, modern version; and in a very ancient poem, the "Carnal and the Crane," the legend of the husbandman who saved by a diplomatic answer the Holy Family on their journey is told in quaint verse:—

If any one should come this way,
And enquire for me alone,
Tell them that Jesus passed by
As thou thy seed did sow.
After that there came King Herod,
With his train so furiously,
Enquiring of the husbandman
Whether Jesus passed by.
Why the truth it must be spoke,
And the truth it must be known,
For Jesus passed by this way
When my seed was sown.

There have been many modern collections of carols published. As long ago as 1833 the late Mr. Sandys issued his book, and it still remains one of the best, though not one of the largest. Carols are scattered through the volumes of the Percy Society, and many may be found—some, in truth, scarcely worth the printing—in the four series of *Notes and Queries*. Mr. Sylvester's volume is of very moderate value, though it has just been re-issued without a date, having originally come out in 1860. Mr. Chope's may be considered the first which contains only carols for church singing, though Mr. Sedding published one with harmonies for four voices some fifteen years ago. Of Mr. Chope's we have not left ourselves room to speak very fully. It is not easy nowadays to decide what may and what may not be used for church singing. Mr. Sandys tells of a Welsh poet, David Jones, of Rhuddlan, in Flintshire, who for fifty-three years annually sang a carol of his own composition in the church at that place. We are not told whether a new carol was written every Christmas, or whether any of the poems were real additions to the stock of the modern collector. Mr. Jones's hymn, or hymns, do not occur in Mr. Chope's book, and he will perhaps thank us for pointing him to a source which may prove practically inexhaustible. No doubt the one-armed poet-clerk of Road, of whom mention was lately made in our columns, has also enriched the language with carols. Mr. Chope has done well for those who may use his book in printing words and music together; and certainly most of his hymns, either for words or music, and often for both, are well adapted for the church services. We may pick out for special notice Mr. Dix's "Like silver lamps in a distant shrine," with a melody by Mr. Lissant; and, as successful adaptations of old airs, those for Mr. Baring-Gould's "Listen Gentles," and Mrs. Hemans's "O lovely voices of the sky." Mr. Chope has anti-

* Carols for Use in Church during Christmas and Epiphany. By R. R. Chope. Metzlar & Co. Novello, Ewer, & Co.

cipated criticism by passing a running comment on most of the carols in his index, but it might have been better perhaps to have avoided such eulogy as he bestows on several. Thus as to the first, he says, "This work would not have reached its present state of poetic beauty and doctrinal accuracy of expression without the valuable help of my esteemed friend, Dr. Irons"; and it must be allowed that he possesses in an eminent degree the power of stringing together eulogistic adjectives. Of No. 29 we read, "Certainly this is the king of carols—grand, flowing, melodious; full of life, but majestic and dignified withal"; and we may perhaps, without depreciating the excellence of the work, hesitate to subscribe to this note, appended to No. 104:—"If any inquire what the clergy of this generation have done for the sacred service of song in the Church of Christ, they may form a fair estimate of their successful labours from the compositions in this work."

GILES'S CHINESE SKETCHES.*

THE past generation of writers on China doubtless formed exaggerated ideas on some matters relating to the subject on which they wrote. They would have been more than mortal had they not done so. Their area of vision, compared even with that vouchsafed to us now, was very limited, and their practical acquaintance with the people and customs of the land which they set themselves to describe was almost entirely confined to that which could be acquired at the five Treaty ports. Some were missionaries, and others were much influenced in forming their opinions on Chinese manners and customs by missionaries, many of whom—as, for example, Morrison and Medhurst—had by unremitting and disinterested labours acquired for themselves the right to be considered authorities on those subjects. To these men questions which we are now accustomed to see discussed in every newspaper were new and difficult problems which they were called upon to face. Brought into contact with a race of highly educated religionists whom, from their point of view, they were bound to look upon as idolaters; being witnesses to the growth of the newly acquired taste for opium-smoking among the natives, and sympathizing with the struggles of the authorities against the importation of the drug; finding polygamy rife, truth disregarded, and justice too often a marketable commodity, what wonder that they took an unfavourable view of the position, that they looked on the beliefs of Confucianists and Buddhists as debasing superstitions; that they regarded the opium pipe as the invariable forerunner of misery, disease, and death, and considered the moral condition of the people to be beyond measure degraded.

In holding these extreme opinions they were doubtless perfectly sincere, and the evidence on which they based them was such as appeared at the time fully to justify them. Wider experience, however, has called for some qualification in the conclusions at which they arrived, and since other, and by no means always so searching, investigations have shown that their views on some points were exaggerated, it has become the fashion of the young China school of the present day to set at naught their counsels, to deny their facts, and to ridicule their conclusions. Of this school the author of *Chinese Sketches* is an exponent, and it is in this fact, as he implies in his preface, and even more plainly indicates in his concluding chapter, that the main interest of his book consists. We shall therefore, after premising that there is a great deal in the narrative parts of Mr. Giles's work which is both instructive and amusing, pass on briefly to refer to some of the controversial chapters, the first of which is one on opium-smoking. Into this vexed question the author plunges without hesitation, and states it as his opinion that, "comparing the use of opium as a stimulant with that of alcoholic liquors in the West, we are bound to admit that the comparison is very much to the disadvantage of the latter. Where opium kills its hundreds, gin counts its victims by thousands." Unfortunately, however, he omits to give us the data on which he has founded this comparison, and we are therefore quite unable to follow him into this part of his case. But one thing is quite certain, and that is that the rulers of China, who may be presumed to be better able to judge of the results of opium-smoking upon the people than any foreigner can possibly be, have considered the effects of opium to be of so pernicious a character that they have from time to time vehemently protested against its importation; witness the correspondence connected with the outbreak of the war in 1842, and the discussions preliminary to the conclusion of Lord Elgin's Treaty in 1858, and again the remonstrances offered on the point to Sir Rutherford Alcock by Prince Kung in 1869, at a time when the abolition of the trade would have entailed a serious loss of revenue. But we will leave the author to combat his own views. At p. 115 he says:—"There is a certain point up to which a smoker may go with impunity, and beyond which he becomes a lost man in so far as he is unable to give up the practice. Chinamen ask if an opium-smoker has the *yin* or not; meaning thereby, has he gradually increased his doses of opium until he has established a craving for the drug, or is he still a free man to give it up without endangering his health?" The fact of this question being, as the author implies, a common one, is sufficient to show that the instances where smokers have acquired the *yin* are common also. According to the author, at p. 114, "The Chinese. . .

fly from intoxicating, quarrelsome samahoo (native spirit) to the more congenial opium-pipe, which soothes the weary brain, induces sleep, and invigorates the tired body." These are the effects which Mr. Giles evidently wishes us to believe follow from opium-smoking; but he allows his true but unconscious conviction to appear a page or two further on when he says, "If your servant smokes opium, dismiss him with as little compunction as you would a drunken coachman; for he can no longer be trusted. His wages being probably insufficient to supply him with his pipe and leave a balance for family expenses, he will be driven to squeeze more than usual, and probably to steal." Having made this admission, however, he again turns to the contemplation of his ideal opium-smoker, and, at some sacrifice to consistency, he immediately goes on to say, "But to get rid of a writer or a clerk merely because he is a smoker, however moderate, would be much the same as dismissing an employé for the heinous offence of drinking two glasses of beer and a glass of sherry at his dinner-time. An opium-smoker may be a man of exemplary habits, never even fuddled, still less stupefied." Opium in moderate doses is no doubt an invigorating stimulant for the time being, and the author illustrates this by reference to Formosan chair-coolies, who, under the influence of the pipe, are able to perform long journeys with ease and rapidity. But even this has its dark side. These men, says the author, "die early, of course"; and upon this he adds this reflection, "but we have trades in civilized England in which a man thirty-six years of age is pointed out as a patriarch." Granting this to be true, he appears entirely to forget that in the one case a man meets death in the pursuit of his legitimate calling, and that in the other he falls a victim to a voluntary indulgence in a pernicious habit.

Torture is another subject on which the author of *Chinese Sketches* feels himself called upon to contradict the usually accepted ideas as to the inhumanity of Chinese mandarins and gaolers. "Under the present dynasty," he affirms, "the use of torture is comparatively rare, and mutilation of the person quite unknown." Here, again, Mr. Giles is silent as to the sources from which he has gathered the evidence necessary to enable him to arrive at this conclusion. And this is the more to be regretted since it is almost impossible that the information can have been gathered by personal experience. Justice is not administered in China with open doors, as among ourselves, and therefore a foreigner can only be present at a trial either in an official capacity or by invitation. Such opportunities must be extremely rare, and when they occur the disposition to torture, should any exist, would doubtless be suppressed or sparingly yielded to. The only time when British officials were able to inspect Chinese prisons and courts of justice at pleasure was when we occupied Canton, and Mr. Wingrove Cook, the *Times*' Correspondent, thus describes what he saw in a prison in that city:—

So soon as the double doors could be opened several of us went into the place. The thick stench could only be endured for a moment, but the spectacle was not one to look long at. A corpse lay at the bottom of the den, the breasts, the only fleshy parts, gnawed and eaten away by rats. Around it and upon it was a festering mass of humanity still alive. The mandarin gaoler, who seemed to wonder what all the excitement was about, was compelled to have the poor creatures drawn forth, and no man who saw that sight will ever forget it. They were skeletons, not men. You could only believe that there was blood in their bodies by seeing it clotted upon their undressed wounds. . . . They had been beaten into this state, perhaps long ago, by the heavy bamboo, and had been thrown into this den to rot.

This and similar scenes induced the Allied Commission to forbid the use of torture in the city yamuns during the occupation; but in spite of this order it was constantly reported by the English police that on the occasion of their unexpected visits to the native courts of justice they had found culprits undergoing torture, a common form of which was suspension by the thumbs and great toes. Another never to be forgotten instance of the cruelties of which the Chinese are capable is furnished by the lingering suffering inflicted on the allied prisoners who were treacherously captured before Peking in 1860, and whose mutilated limbs bore testimony to the severity of the tortures practised upon them. In support of the position he takes up Mr. Giles quotes two extracts from "a native work of much repute," entitled *Advice to Government Officials*, in which mandarins are recommended to be forbearing in the use of torture; but Mr. Wingrove Cook also tells us that over the portals of the prison door referred to above were carved in golden letters such fine sentiments as "The misery of to-day may be the happiness of to-morrow"; "Confess your crimes, and thank the magistrate who purges you of them"; and, "May we share in the mercy of the Emperor." We should add that on the subject of the relative degrees of torture the author appears to be at one with King Nebuchadnezzar, for he draws a distinction between torture, by which he would seem to define such punishments as flogging with the heavy bamboo, "under the infliction of which sufferers not uncommonly died," and imprisonment in such dungeons as that above described, in the same way that the Babylonian King believed that he was about to intensify the torture of the three disobedient Jews by providing for them the means of an instantaneous instead of a less speedy death. The fact on this subject we believe to be that instruments of torture exist in every yamun, and it entirely depends on the disposition of each mandarin whether they are used or not.

There is one trait in the Chinese character which is probably more severely dealt with by the author than it has been by any previous writer. The Chinese, he tells us in italics, are a nation of liars, and he goes on to say, "They lie by instinct. . . . They seem to prefer lying to speaking the truth, even where there is no

* *Chinese Sketches*, By Herbert A. Giles. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

stake at issue." These are sweeping statements, which admit of some qualification even in the interests of Mr. Giles's own arguments, since he holds that "theft is not one whit more common in China than it is in England." But we must refer those who wish to know how he reconciles the two divergent statements that the Chinese are untruthful and honest to the pages of *Chinese Sketches*.

In a passage in the concluding chapter we think that we can discern the secret motive which has led the author to adopt the untenable views which he has set forth in the present volume. "Irritation," he says, "against traducers of China and her morality may have occasionally tinged our views with a somewhat rosy hue, but we have all along felt the danger of this bias, and have endeavoured to guard against it." We have no doubt that his endeavours were honest, but they have not been successful, and we feel convinced that in obedience to the same generosity which has induced him to stand forth as the champion of a people whom he believes to have been maligned, he will be the first to acknowledge his errors as soon as wider experiences and deeper investigations shall have made plain to him the fallacy of some of the opinions which he at present holds.

HONOURS DIVIDED.*

THE first thing which strikes us in this book is the inartistic method of narration. The story is told much after the manner of a showman at a fair:—"This, ladies and gentlemen, is the famous Duke of Wellington, and the figure next him is Napoleon Bonaparte." In *Honours Divided* we are introduced to the various personages in succession in the same bald categorical fashion. "Ambrose Northbrooke was a strict, highly honourable, somewhat austere man." "Norah Lane, a ward of Mrs. Northbrooke, was a slight, very pretty, girl." "Albina Northbrooke was tall, with fair, clear complexion, grey, quick, and rather restless eyes," &c., &c. "Mr. Albert Northbrooke, although his cousinship was rather remote, bore a certain resemblance to the great engineer. He was bald, with a fringe of sandy-coloured hair, surrounding the base of his head, and had a pair of bushy red whiskers." "The Rev. Sir John Vine was a very pleasant, good-looking gentleman, with dark, straight, rather long, hair, a massive forehead, large brown eyes, a little worn by age, a shaven face, a full, soft, sensual mouth." "Sir Marcus Borodaile was a tall, athletic man of thirty, with fair hair, moustache, and whiskers, and blue eyes, their brightness a little dimmed by late hours and dissipation, who spoke in a loud, not unpleasant, voice, and seemed generally to be a noisy, headlong, inconsiderate gentleman"; and, again, we are told that "Marcus was a kind-hearted, indiscreetly generous, man, with the courage of a lion, very headlong, very reckless, not a little obstinate, and a hard hitter when he was offended, his vocabulary of abuse being strong and copious. He was also very noisy." "Lewis was nearly six feet high, with broad shoulders and a deep chest. He had a keen, clever, eager face, a broad forehead, light, plentiful brown hair. His grey eyes were full of vivacity and thought." This kind of thing carried through three volumes leaves on the reader the impression of literary poverty beyond measure wearisome. An occasional jet of high falutin', or a stray shriek after the manner of the spasmodic school, would be a welcome break in the dead level of such prosaic prose as this; but we look in vain for one touch of warmth, one ray of genius, or outburst of eloquence. As the book begins so does it finish, with no interspaces of brightness by the way, making, on the whole, one of the dreariest bits of reading we have met with for some time.

We know that a critic is supposed to be a man of a cast-iron constitution and supernatural powers of attention. A literary soporific which sends every one else to sleep in mid-passage is assumed to find him as wide awake and as full of intellectual vigour at the last page as he was at the first. It is a pleasing superstition, chiefly good to amuse the public and to increase the natural self-delusion of authors; but, in truth, critics are very much like other men, and their brains yield to soporific influences quite as readily as those of ordinary readers. Hence, if we make any mistakes in dealing with the drowsy puppets which compose the gallery of personages in this book, we must plead as our excuse the weakness of the flesh, which overcame us more than once as we waded through its pages, and wondered why and for what ultimate purpose Mr. Morley Farrow wrote *Honours Divided*.

The "honours divided" which give the title to this book—chosen because Mr. Northbrooke was a whist-player—are the various legacies left by him—the gentleman to whom we are introduced as a "strict, highly honourable, and somewhat austere man." And here we may note the remarkable frankness with which Sir Marcus Borodaile, the young man with the loud voice and the courage of a lion, speculates on his chances. He meets the Reverend Sir John Vine—whom Mr. Northbrooke has chosen to be his executor and trustee, for all that the one is a strictly honourable gentleman and a shrewd man of business, while the other is a priest of Baal, sensual, untruthful, and insincere—and immediately on asking after his uncle's health he adds, "I suppose he will at any rate leave me something." This was scarcely the kind of thing to be expected from a man both kind-hearted and indiscreetly generous, and who is not presented

to us as either mercenary or self-seeking. The young man's leonine courage, too, we may as well mention by way of parenthesis, is nowhere so strikingly displayed as in his assault on the attorney's clerk who serves him with a writ for a wine bill of three hundred and fifty pounds. By the way, would this blundering baronet have called the lawyer a "Stygian scoundrel"? It is not a common metaphor, and Sir Marcus Borodaile was not, we should imagine, scholar enough to coin classic allusions of his own proper motion. When Mr. Northbrooke dies—which he does, we are bound to say, with no unnecessary fuss, rather in a meek and businesslike manner that can be scarcely too highly commended as a pattern to go by—one of the provisions of his will is the assignment of his ward Norah Lane to the guardianship of the brown-eyed priest of Baal—an unmarried man, and already desperately smitten with his pretty charge. Indeed, both he and Sir Marcus have each made her an offer—the latter evidently done in a very rapid manner, though it is out of the picture, and we only learn it by implication; but Norah is in love with Lewis Harding, and will have nothing to do with either of her titled adorers. Her assignment, therefore, to the Reverend Sir John is excessively annoying, and vexes both her and Lewis greatly. It is an arrangement due to an unfriendly action of Albina, who is in love with Lewis on her own account, and who thinks that to throw Norah into Sir John's hands may end by throwing Lewis into her own. And indeed her plot succeeds for a time, but only for a time, *Honours Divided* being a book of the good old stamp where virtue gets more reward than its own, and vice is duly pilloried as it deserves to be.

As to the legacies, Sir Marcus gets the interest only of ten thousand pounds, but to his sister Mrs. Erskine, and to his cousin Albina, are left sums of forty thousand, to be invested on their behalf, with a loose pocketful each of twenty thousand. Albina employs her modicum as a loan to Lewis Harding, for the perfecting an invention which is to make his fortune and enable him to marry Norah; and Lewis Harding accepts the loan, believing the money to be another person's. But of course, wishing to keep the matter secret, she tells it to her friends, and when Sir John Vine gets hold of the story he passes it on to Norah. Hence doubts, misunderstanding, unwise reticence, needless despair; hence, by a mistake, Lewis breaks his engagement with Norah, and Norah accepts his renunciation with patience; wherefore he believes she is entangled with Sir John and is naturally disgusted. Thus the ground is prepared, and when he knows all about Albina, and her loan and her love, one sees that there is "but one way in which he could pay his immense debt to Albina Northbrooke," and that was by asking her to be his wife. By which it would seem that Mr. Lewis Harding, whatever might be his merits as an inventor, had not the amount of reason, common sense, or dignity generally considered necessary for a man's comfortable passage through the shoals and quicksands of life; and that when Norah summons courage to go and see Albina face to face, and in the course of his interview says, in italics, "You have bought him!" she is not far from the truth, despicable as that truth is to the two immediately concerned. But Albina loves Lewis truly, if she has won him less than honestly; and even when she finds out that he is the illegitimate son of the Reverend Sir John Vine—"false Sir John," as the author calls this brown-eyed priest of Baal—she is not moved from her position, but burns the letter and diary which contain the secret, and says, "I am willing to be Lewis Harding's wife notwithstanding this!" "Then she burst into tears," continues the author, "and Margaret clasped her." The end of this love robbery, however, is that Albina confesses all her craft and wickedness to Lewis Harding, releases him from his promise, and makes the best amends she can:—

"Lewis," she said, breaking the silence which followed, and speaking slowly, "I have something else to tell you—something to confess. Oh, what will you say to me when you hear it?"

She paused.

"You will say, I am sure, that I am very wicked—in my illness I felt I had been so. But it was all owing to me," she went on, "that Norah went to reside with Sir John Vine after my uncle's death. I deceived my uncle—"

She stopped again. Lewis looked at her in a bewildered way.

"My uncle would have appointed Norah's uncle guardian with Sir John, had I not falsely told him that Mr. Lane objected to the duties and responsibilities attaching to the office of guardian. Upon hearing this, he left matters in the hands of Sir John Vine and his solicitor. I knew Sir John was in love with Norah, and thought if Norah was once under his roof, Sir John might succeed in making her his wife! I tried to separate her from you, Lewis. And now, what can you say to me? Are you very angry? Do you reproach me very bitterly for having caused you and Norah so much unhappiness?"

Of course he could not reproach her, knowing so well the motives by which she had been influenced.

"I did this wicked thing because I loved you, Lewis. Let that plead for me if it can."

"You cannot think that I would reproach you," cried Lewis.

"No. Well, the mischief has been repaired now, has it not, Lewis? And all the mistakes are over; you are free—I must think of life without you, Lewis. It will be a little hard at first, but I shall become reconciled to it before long. I am not the first by a good many to meet with such a disappointment. And we shall be friends, shall we not? Now good-bye!"

In a moment her calmness left her, tears overflowed her eyes, passionately she threw her arms round Lewis Harding's neck and drew his face down and kissed it again and again and yet again. "'Tis the last time—the last time!" she cried through her terrible sobs. "Now go, Lewis—go to Norah!"

Among the minor characters is Mrs. Erskine, Sir Marcus Borodaile's sister, who, as we have seen, had for her portion forty thousand pounds, with twenty thousand in a loose sum, beside other

* *Honours Divided*. By Morley Farrow, Author of "After Baxton's Death." 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1876.

advantages should she give birth to a child. This Mrs. Erskine, passionately loving her cold and disagreeable husband, has a certain flavour of Queen Mary with Philip which must strike every reader. The likeness does not help to render the circumstances of the episode more pleasant or enlivening. "Theodore Erskine she loved passionately," says Mr. Morley Farrow, when explaining that "Katherine's chief cause of unhappiness, apart from her natural melancholy, was her husband." "He on the other hand, was cold, careless, and indifferent." Perhaps that is not to be wondered at, seeing that Katherine often went into hysterics, and as often scolded her beloved spouse severely, was "always restless and suspicious," that "care had drawn long, deep lines in her heavy-browed face," and that "she spoke in a harsh voice like a man." Against such drawbacks as these even the feminine facts recorded, that she played the harp as well as the organ very beautifully, worked worsted-work chairs, and hung her own drawings over the walls of every room in the house, could scarcely be expected to count for much. So that really Theodore, with his cold eyes and indiscriminate flirtations, might be somewhat excused. Sir Marcus, his brother-in-law, having a hard fist and long arms, does something towards keeping him in order; just as Margaret Luxton, a young woman of saintly character, mediocre birth, and somehow mixed up with fowls and the early morning, keeps Sir Marcus in order by another kind of influence. In the end all comes right. Sir John Vine dies just as Norah is going to agree to marry him; Sir Marcus marries Margaret, and is made a respectable man at last; Albina gives up Lewis, and Lewis and Norah come together again; and finally Albina marries one Dr. Selby, who had proposed once before and been rejected. So after all this chopping and changing the curtain falls on the right assortment of suits, and the dull rubber of *Honours Divided* comes happily to an end. Judging by this book we should say that the two articles most wanting in Mr. Morley Farrow's establishment are salt and fire.

THE AMATEUR HOUSE CARPENTER.*

THE irrepressible amateur crops up nowadays in all directions. It is not long since we pointed out the necessity of applying to his case the literary slang of the day and fixing his "place" in art. Whether he has any place which can be fixed, or whether his course is so erratic that it is impossible to fix it, may be questions worthy of discussion. Viewing him as a pioneer, recognizing in his work the result of mental growth, expecting from his voluntary labours results different both in degree and direction from those which attend the ordinary work of the ordinary workman, we approach a book like this with strong expectations. It is true that carpenter work does not offer any very likely field for fresh discovery. The great principles of dovetailing, the use of the strut, and other simple contrivances, were found out long ago and can hardly now be improved upon. Still it is to the amateur carpenter, especially if he is gifted with ability and has the advantage of higher education and mathematical learning, that we should be disposed to look for improvements. He may study abstract principles. He may apply geometrical laws. He can try experiments without spoiling his employers' tools, wasting time for which he is paid, or consuming materials which do not belong to him. If from his researches any benefit should accrue to practical carpentry the place of the amateur is found at once. This may be called the higher ideal of the amateur carpenter. And there is a lower ideal. It is represented by a beneficent being, a Robin Goodfellow among country cousins, who, armed with a hammer, a screwdriver, a saw, and a gluepot, can almost put Humpty Dumpty on the wall again, or restore their lost tails to the flock of Bo-peep. His visits are never too long. There is always something still to be done when he leaves. But while he remains the decrepid furniture returns from hospital piece by piece, and assumes its accustomed place once more. The footstools regain their footing, the tables stand again on all fours. The easy chair has acquired a new set of castors, and holes in the carpet are to be a thing of the past. The windows are hung by both their pulleys, and flax lines, warranted to run for years, are substituted for the old ropes. The doors have ceased to groan, and remain closed without banging. With wonderful combinations of wood and indiarubber draughts are stopped, collisions prevented, and noises abolished. The long array of dust-pans, shovels, brushes, and brooms which have been invalidated to the garret follow once more their former occupations. But it is in the nursery that our ideal amateur is seen at his best. The handles pulled off the drawers by mischievous children are replaced with a contrivance calculated to defy the ravages of little hands. Mary's bird-cage, long dilapidated, receives a new bottom and a few fresh wires, and pocket-money stored up for a new one may be otherwise applied, without fear that the cat will eat the canary. The wheels are put on Johnny's cart, and a roof on his ark. A facsimile supplies the missing piece of his puzzle, and the arch, the crowning object of his building efforts, long, alas, consumed, is replaced at the summit of his wooden temples. Treasure boxes whose hinges have failed the lock are repaired, the rocking-horse resumes his prancings, and the pictures, no longer nailed to the wall, are duly provided with Oxford frames and protected with glass.

Such an ideal may be overdrawn. As a matter of fact, no one

amateur has ever fulfilled it. Neither by leading the way to new feats in carpentry, nor yet by making himself generally useful, and occasionally ornamental, does Mr. Davidson even attempt to reach it. He is content with a phase of amateur's work for which we can feel but little sympathy. If the amateur has a mission, which after all may be doubted, it is certainly not to be able to work nearly as well as a professional artisan. At best he is only interfering with the honest employment of men who live by their earnings. We have seen amateurs reseal a church, build a pigstye, stain a window, bind a book; but in all these cases, had the amateurs not done the work, it would have been left undone. Mr. Davidson makes no such distinctions. He aims at carpentering nearly as well as a real carpenter. Such small jobs as we have spoken of as appropriate to the calling of our ideal amateur are ignored by him. He tells us, indeed, how to put up shelves, but he tells us little else of much use in the household. When we want a wardrobe, a table, a chair, a bookcase, such as he instructs us how to make, we may send for the village carpenter, who will make them sooner, better, and probably, in the long run, considerably cheaper. The best amateur work of this class is only almost as good as professional work. Such coarse furniture can be bought ready made at a lower cost. There is little or no art in such things, and if an amateur does not make his work ornamental, it is difficult to understand the reason of his being. The only piece of carving introduced by Mr. Davidson would be very hard to do, and would not look pretty when done, besides being objectionable for another reason. It is to be seen in a woodcut, on p. 162, where it decorates a child's cot, "the design being one," we read, "carried out by the writer in his own home, and which served its purpose well for the first ten years of the life of one of his dearest treasures." The treasure in question must have been a remarkably good child, or long before the first ten years of its life had elapsed that piece of carving must have tempted it to climb among the forbidden curves, and risk, in spite of the text selected and provided by Mr. Davidson, a bad tumble and perhaps a broken bone. Nothing of the kind seems to have occurred. Mr. Davidson peacefully alternates work and morals, and, having told us how a bradawl may be used to indent the pattern, and inculcated the striking of rapid blows "with a small mallet, turning the tool about in various ways," goes on in the following hopeful strain:—

The beautiful sentence from the Psalms, "For He shall give His angel charge concerning thee," will not, we are sure, be omitted by the amateur. The work may be increased; but whether the worker be father, brother, or friend, it is a labour of love; and is there not the hope that when the loved occupant of the little bed traces over the letters with its rosy fingers, and asks what they mean, the first ideas of the merciful protection which, whether awake or asleep, ever hovers over it, may be aroused? Who knows whether in sickness they may not give comfort during hours of wakefulness and suffering? for our children think and feel deeply, more deeply, perhaps, than we ever give them credit for; thoughts and feelings may thus be awakened, the influence of which who can tell.

But it would not be fair to Mr. Davidson if, in finding fault with his view of the subject, we did not notice how far he has fulfilled his own object in writing the book. He has written it, he tells us, for "gentlemen who feel pleasure in active occupation," and who at the same time think "that to learn anything improperly is to waste time and trouble." It by no means follows that there are not things which it is equally waste of time and trouble to learn well; and if any reader of Mr. Davidson's book endeavours to make out the meaning of the reference in the preface to the "inexpressible blessing of the guidance of the lamented Prince Consort," he will probably find that he has wasted time and trouble.

The best praise, then, that we can give this book is that it very nearly comes up to what might have been written by a real carpenter. Our own ideal of amateur work would surpass this standard. It does not happen to every one to meet, like Mr. Gladstone, with carpenters who can talk of "the intellectual resources of the craftsman," or who can measure so accurately as Mr. Moore the "constant communication" which must be kept up between the brain and the hand, and must be "not merely passive in character, but active, concentrated, and almost unintermittent." But an ordinary carpenter might very well have made the very ordinary designs in this book, and might have avoided recommending such an ancient device for chamfering as that here represented. If we are to learn real carpenter work, we had better learn from a real carpenter, unless an amateur can add to his instructions such refinements of taste as may enable the student to make things beautiful which, if given to an ordinary workman, would be made ugly. The picture of the T-square also is misleading. No doubt, as Mr. Davidson says, a T-square should be used "on the left hand side of the drawing-board." But a contingency may require the use of the other side of the square, and if Mr. Davidson's drawing is followed in constructing it, the two sides of the long piece are not parallel. The result of using this pattern will be that the person who uses it, besides frequent inconvenience, will find his eye, which he should tend as a musician tends his ear, will be put wrong, and in cases where he has to depend on it will fail him. There are some good hints on ventilation, a subject well within the province of the amateur, to whom we recommend Mr. Davidson's principles. It is hopeless to attempt to convince a real carpenter of the advantages of ventilation. He looks on scientific niceties of adjustment as superstitions, and the amateur has it often in his power to do much good if he will study the subject intelligently. The following is a particularly good suggestion; in rooms having central ornaments in the ceiling Mr. Davidson would carry away the bad air from the top of the

* *The Amateur House Carpenter*. By Ellis A. Davidson. London: Chapman & Hall. 1875.

room by piercing the interstices between the plaster scrolls and leaves with

numerous holes leading into the space between the ceiling and the floor of the room above; a brick or two should then be taken out from the external wall; but the wall will, of course, be more than one brick thick, and therefore through the rest of the thickness holes are to be bored with a good-sized brick-anger. Small iron gratings are then to be placed instead of the removed bricks; these, made in very handsome ornamental forms, may be purchased.

We hail with peculiar pleasure any suggestion which offers to utilize the hideous boss on every ceiling; no ornament has hitherto been found less useful, less beautiful, or more inevitable. For the rest, the book contains full directions for making a writing-desk, a hen-house, a pavilion, a swing, and other useful objects, and there is a chapter on geometrical drawing which may help to stimulate a taste for higher mathematical study.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE name of Dr. Reinhold Pauli* will always be held in honour in England, the country to whose annals he has so exclusively and perseveringly devoted himself. If his reputation will rest rather on his contributions to her earlier than her modern history, the cause is to be sought in no decay of power, or inaptitude for dealing with contemporary affairs, but in the deficiency, modestly admitted and deplored by himself, of those authentic materials from which, according to the modern apprehension of his mission, it is the historian's business to elucidate fact. Hardly any private archives for the ten-year period comprised in Dr. Pauli's volume are as yet available, and he evidently feels distrustful of the uncorroborated evidence of public documents, newspapers, and memoirs. His zeal in the investigation of all accessible sources of information is beyond praise. His use of so recent a work as Lord Ellenborough's Correspondence, for instance, is such as to prove that he has not merely consulted, but thoroughly mastered it, and that his grasp of the circumstances of the Governor-General's administration is as sure and firm as that of any professed expert in Indian affairs. The majority of the transactions between 1841 and 1851, the period comprised in this volume, are of course of a less dramatic character, and require the talent of the politician rather than that of the artistic narrator. Dr. Pauli's sagacity and candour are equally exemplary, and we cannot more fitly describe the character of his mind than by remarking that he appears to be the man of all men to depict the actual hero of his volume—Sir Robert Peel. The wording of his title-page indicates his correct apprehension of the character of the decade as a period of industrial development and financial reform. Of this epoch Peel is undoubtedly the central figure; the leading Free-traders, with all their ability, appearing but as subordinate, though indispensable, agents in the movement impersonated in him. Peel is a hero entirely after Dr. Pauli's heart. If he should have been treated even too favourably, the cause is chiefly the partial character of the private sources of information on which the author has had to rely. He has been enabled to consult the MS. correspondence of Bunsen, a diplomatist whose admiration for Peel was rather grounded on the English statesman's German sympathies than on his services to England, and on a collection of Cobden's letters entrusted to him by Mrs. Salis Schwabe. The latter, we trust, will some day be published. No modern English statesman, we believe, will gain more from the publication of his correspondence than Cobden. Tories and Whigs certainly do not fare so well at Dr. Pauli's hands as Peelites and Free-traders, but this is merely to say that he has thoroughly identified himself with the ruling tendencies of the period he describes. At the same time he is no mere disciple of the Manchester school, but treats the reaction shown in the writings of Kingsley and Maurice with perfect equity. One of the best chapters in his volume is that on Sir Robert Peel's Irish policy. O'Connell's character is thoroughly well understood by him. On the whole, Dr. Pauli's success in dealing with a familiar period of history is such as to increase our confidence in him as a guide to the knowledge of that remote past with which his name is chiefly associated.

Carl Peter† has condensed his forty years' labour upon Roman history into an abridged work, which nevertheless occupies three very substantial volumes. It might with advantage have been even longer, the Regal period, with every allowance for its legendary character, being treated too briefly, and the Imperial period compressed in a fashion only intelligible on the hypothesis that a knowledge of it counts for little at German University examinations. In other respects the book is exceedingly good; dry, but sober, and displaying the solid and accurate acquaintance with the subject for which the author is distinguished.

There are few more melancholy subjects in history than the extinction of Hellenic civilization; and the succeeding Byzantine period, though not without its pleasing and commendable features, perpetually excites regret by its empty resemblance to its predecessor. It is the sepulchre of an old society, but not at the same time, as some such sepulchres have proved themselves, the cradle

of a new one. Professor Hertzberg's* history of this deplorable catastrophe and subsequent stagnation is nevertheless a most delightful book. Its charm can only be ascribed to the thoroughness with which he has entered into his subject, and the pleasure with which he dwells on the scanty relics of better times, even in days when "Hellenic" had become a term of opprobrium. His history is essentially one of the people—of its alternations of prosperity or adversity, of the revolutions, political or religious, which modified the national character or affected the purity of Hellenic blood. It is therefore rather a social than a pragmatic history; battles, changes of dynasty, and similar events being only treated in their influence on the moral or material condition of the people. His narrative may be described as turning upon two great catastrophes—the suppression of the University of Athens by Justinian, which gave a final blow to the intellectual supremacy of Greece, and the terrible pestilence of A.D. 747, which not only swept away the largest portion of the Hellenic population, and thinned it still further by attracting the survivors to replenish the depopulated metropolis, but materially affected the ethnological character of the remnant by facilitating the Slavonian occupation of the Peloponnese, since which event the Greeks can only be regarded as a people of mixed blood. It is needless to remark that Professor Hertzberg is largely indebted to Mr. Finlay's labours. His work is throughout distinguished by great equity of judgment, and a lively appreciation of everything with a bearing upon culture. Among the most valuable passages in his history may be mentioned his descriptions of the forlorn condition of the Hellenic world at the accession of Augustus, of the remarkable material and intellectual revival in the second century, of the mistaken policy which, in tempting the Goths away from the frontiers of the Eastern Empire, opened the way to barbarians of a far lower grade, and of the superiority of the Byzantine financial system to the Roman. The first volume comes down to the capture of Constantinople by the Latins in 1204.

St. Boniface, the Apostle of Germany†, was undoubtedly a great man, and the more interesting to us as he was also a great Englishman. Herr Werner, his latest biographer, must nevertheless be deemed to prefer an excessive claim for him in asserting that but for Boniface the entire course of European history would have been altered. The double work of Boniface, the conversion of the Germans and the subjugation of the German Church to the See of Rome, must in the nature of things have been equally accomplished if he had never existed. He is not to be numbered with those who have diverted, or even directed, the currents of their times, but with those whom these currents have borne to the front. Herr Werner's work is nevertheless an excellent one, a painstaking, impartial, thoroughly appreciative investigation of the obscure but momentous history of a man who in our times would have been a serious obstacle in the path of freedom and culture, but who, living when he did, has fairly won the respect and honour equally accorded him by Catholics and Protestants on the recent celebration of the anniversary of his death.

Dr. Heppes History of Quietism in the Church of Rome‡ treats an extremely interesting subject in somewhat too polemical a fashion. The writer cannot be taxed with a want of sympathy for the personages—the Madame Guyons, Molinos, and Petruccis—whose opinions and personal vicissitudes he essays to trace; but the main motive of his work is too evidently not so much appreciation of Mysticism in itself as the disposition to assail the Roman Church in a vulnerable point. Dr. Heppe demonstrates what is indeed notorious, that the Catholic Mystics were approved at one period and condemned at another, and that the condemnation synchronized very curiously with the appearance of Louis XIV. as an arbiter in the matter. To Protestants the explanation is sufficiently obvious, but we presume that Dr. Heppe's argument is designed for the conviction of Catholics, and we do not see that he has shown, or can show, that the original decisions of the Pope and the Inquisition were so formulated as to be duly impressed with the note of infallibility. He attributes, probably with much justice, the persecution of the Quietists to the intrigues of the Jesuits, and his just indignation at the latter sometimes betrays him into language unbecoming the sobriety of an ecclesiastical historian.

Dr. Dreydorff, the biographer of Pascal §, subjects the *Pensées* to an analysis with the view of pointing out their frequent inconsistencies, and the evidence of Pascal having shifted his point of view at various periods, and attempted the refutation now of one, now of another, class of sceptics. Dr. Dreydorff thinks that the innate scepticism from which Pascal's utter disparagement of human reason was but the recoil was for a time overcome by Pascal's belief in the Jansenist miracle of the Holy Thorn, but that his subsequent perception of the inefficacy even of this prodigy to convince others essentially modified his opinions and his method of argument in his latter days.

* *Geschichte Griechenlands seit dem Absterben des antiken Lebens bis zur Gegenwart*. Von G. F. Hertzberg. Th. 1. Gotha: Perthes. London: Asher & Co.

† *Bonifacius, der Apostel der Deutschen, und die Romanisierung von Mitteleuropa. Eine kirchengeschichtliche Studie*. Von August Werner. Leipzig: Weigel. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Geschichte der quietistischen Mystik in der katholischen Kirche*. Von Dr. Heinrich Heppe. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Pascal's Gedanken über die Religion*. Von J. G. Dreydorff. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

* *Geschichte Englands seit den Friedensschlüssen von 1814 und 1815*. Von R. Pauli. Th. 3. Der Freihandel und die Manchester-school, 1841 bis 1852. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Römische Geschichte in kurzer Fassung*. Von Carl Peter. 3 Bde. Halle: Buchhandlung des Waisenhauses. London: Williams & Norgate.

The Rambachs * were a family of German divines, whose literary and theological activity, comprising the authorship of theological, devotional, and hymnological works, extends over nearly a hundred and fifty years, from an early period in the eighteenth century. Their family record is not devoid of interest, although by no means eventful.

Dr. Riehm's essay on Messianic Prophecy † construes the theme in its largest sense as the anticipation of a period of world-wide felicity and righteousness, not merely of a Jewish kingdom. His point of view is moderately orthodox.

The second volume of Paul von Lilienfeld's ‡ "Thoughts on the Social Science of the Future" follows out the analogy between the social and the physical organism expounded in the first. The tendency of scientific inquiry of every description is no doubt in the direction indicated by the author, but it may be questioned whether his conclusions are not at present somewhat premature. Many of his parallels are rather ingenious than sound, and his argument rests to a considerable degree upon data as yet controverted or imperfectly understood.

A tract on the responsibilities of the wealthier and better educated classes towards their inferiors, by A. Meitzen §, is practical and distinguished by an excellent spirit.

Julius Frauenstädt, the old expositor of Schopenhauer's philosophy ||, comes forward with a new series of letters upon it, designed, on the one hand, to indicate the changes effected in his point of view by twenty years' discussion; on the other, to protest against what he regards as the plagiarisms and misconception of Hartmann and other continuers of Schopenhauer's work. Frauenstädt's tone is more independent than formerly, and he subjects his master to a free criticism on several points, such as the apparent dualism of his distinction between the will and the intellect, and his endeavour to preserve moral responsibility while denying the freedom of the will. He also virtually abandons Schopenhauer's pessimism, while severely criticizing Hartmann's recent attempt to derive practically optimistic conclusions from pessimistic premisses. One of the most interesting parts of his book is his defence of Schopenhauer's metaphysical theory of the universe, and his teleology, against the material and mechanical explanations of modern physical science.

Hartmann has given occupation to another antagonist, Dr. H. Schwarz ¶, who disputes his view of primitive Christianity as an ascetic religion, and contends that its spirit is fairly represented by the liberal Protestantism which Hartmann regards as a corruption. In the second part of his essay Dr. Schwarz criticizes Hartmann's principal work, without adequately acknowledging the extent to which its uncompromising pessimism has been modified in his later writings.

The purpose of Fritz Schultze's "Kant and Darwin" *** is to direct attention to the degree in which the theory of evolution has been anticipated by Kant, and to convince naturalists that they may still learn much from him. The book consists principally of extracts from Kant's writings, which certainly go far to justify the claims preferred on his behalf.

E. von Hartmann's essay on "Truth and Error in Darwinism" †† treats the Darwinian theory from a philosophical point of view, and expresses the objections which naturally arise in minds conversant with moral science to a merely mechanistic materialism. To Hartmann the development of existence on Darwinian principles alone seems too much a matter of haphazard; fully admitting the modification of species by descent, no other explanation being even conceivable in our present state of knowledge, he requires foresight and a plan, and finds them in the instinctive impulse towards objective manifestation to which, with Schopenhauer, he attributes the existence of the universe. He is very decided on the insufficiency of the struggle for existence alone to account for the immense variety of life on the earth, but seems to forget that the other two factors on which he lays principal stress, variability and heredity, are as forcibly insisted on by Darwin as by himself. It is probable, indeed, that Mr. Darwin would regard Von Hartmann's speculations as lying beyond the range of the subjects discussed in his own treatise, and as raising questions beyond the province of natural science; they are, however, perfectly legitimate if regarded as a criticism of certain recent applications of the Darwinian theory, as, for instance, in Strauss's latest work.

* Die Familie Rambach. Aus handschriftlichen und gedruckten Quellen. Von Dr. Theodor Hausen. Gotha: Perthes. London: Williams & Norgate.

† Die Messianische Weissagung. Von Dr. E. Riehm. Gotha: Perthes. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ Gedanken über die Socialwissenschaft der Zukunft. Von Paul von Lilienfeld. Th. 2. Mitau: Behr. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ Die Mitverantwortlichkeit der Gebildeten und Besitzenden für das Wohl der arbeitenden Klassen. Von A. Meitzen. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| Neue Briefe über die Schopenhauer'sche Philosophie. Von Julius Frauenstädt. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Asher & Co.

¶ Das Ziel der religiösen und wissenschaftlichen Gährung nachgewiesen an E. von Hartmann's Pessimismus. Von Dr. H. Schwarz. Berlin: Berggold. London: Asher & Co.

*** Kant und Darwin. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte der Entwicklungstheorie. Von F. Schultze. Jena: Dufft. London: Asher & Co.

†† Wahrheit und Irrthum in Darwinismus. Eine kritische Darstellung der organischen Entwicklungstheorie. Von Eduard von Hartmann. Berlin: Dümcker. London: Asher & Co.

Dr. Julius Sachs's History of Botany in Germany up to 1860* is clear and interesting, necessarily going at times considerably beyond the limits of the country with which it is nominally concerned. The author distinguishes four periods in the history of systematic botany and morphology, which form the subject of his first book. The second book is occupied with the history of research into the anatomy, and the third with that into the physiology, of plants. The volume is one of a series of similar histories published by the Munich Academy at the expense of the King of Bavaria.

We must be content with mentioning that Dr. Julius Ley's † theory of Hebrew metre is new, and that his labours have been thought worthy of publication at the partial expense of the German Ministry of Public Instruction. Their merit can only be appreciated by profound Hebrew scholars.

Friedrich Diez's appendix to his standard "Grammar of the Romance Languages" ‡ is a comparative etymological vocabulary, indicating the modifications undergone by the most familiar Latin words.

Dr. F. Brockhaus's interesting and condensed account of the Junius letters §, and review of the evidence bearing on the question of the authorship, is, from the necessity of the case, mainly based on the labours of English writers on the subject. It is nevertheless interesting to observe the treatment of English politics by a foreigner. Professor Brockhaus's view appears to us just and impartial; he believes Junius to have been mainly actuated by patriotic motives, while not overlooking the occasional indications in his letters of private vindictiveness and malevolence. He is a decided advocate of the Franciscan theory; which has, indeed, so vast a preponderance of external testimony that it can hardly fail to establish itself where, as in Germany, it has not to struggle against old traditions or obstinate prepossessions.

An essay on Pope, by Dr. A. Deetz, is in many respects an excellent performance, containing much sound and discriminating criticism, and a spirited vindication of the poet against the German critics, by whom he has been so frequently misunderstood. It is to be regretted that Dr. Deetz's translations are not always of a character to justify his warm appreciation of his author in the eyes of readers unacquainted with English. The peculiar terseness of Pope's couplets presents, it must be owned, formidable difficulties to the translator into a copious but verbose tongue. The preservation of this form is nevertheless so essential that, if it be really impracticable, the task had better be given up. Even where it is retained, Dr. Deetz's renderings are frequently infelicitous. "Glück, Zufall wird von dir nur so benannt," for instance, is but a feeble version of "All chance, direction which thou canst not see." The translations in this volume comprise versions of the *Essay on Man*, the *Rape of the Lock*, the *Epistle to a Lady*, and *Abelard and Heloise*.||

It is unnecessary to do more than announce the completion of A. Schmidt's excellent lexicon to Shakspeare¶, with the observation that the second part bears out the promise of the first. The undertaking should not have been left to a foreigner. Now, however, that it is accomplished, our best course will be to reprint it.

Dr. H. Schuchardt's essay on the ritornels and tercets of Italian popular poetry ** contains a treasury of critical research on the subject, together with numerous specimens of these simple, yet exquisite, snatches of song, with which Mr. Symonds and Mr. Davies have partially familiarized the English public.

"Von ihr und mir,"†† by E. Hoefler, is a specimen of the manner in which German novelists really excel; a pretty little story of the affections, artistic in construction, and distinguished by a choice elegance of style. "Chiaroscuro,"‡‡ by L. Salomon, is the fanciful collective title of a trio of novelettes, readable enough, but hardly above mediocrity in any respect.

Rudolf Gottschall's historical romance §§ is a very entertaining one, full of generals, priests, nuns, actresses, and all kinds of picturesque figures; the incidents are striking and well contrived, and the action throughout bustling and lively. The subject is the conquest of Silesia by Frederick the Great, and the writer's sympathies, it need hardly be stated, are wholly Prussian.

The December number of the *Deutsche Rundschau* ||| is remarkable

* Geschichte der Botanik vom 16. Jahrhundert bis 1860. Von Dr. Julius Sachs. München: Oldenbourg. London: Asher & Co.

† Grundzüge des Rhythmus, des Vers- und Strophenbaues in der Hebräischen Poesie. Von Dr. Julius Ley. Halle: Buchhandlung des Waisenhauses. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ Grammatik der Romanischen Sprachen. Von F. Diez. Anhang: Romanische Wortschöpfung. Bonn: Weber. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ Die Briefe des Junius. Von Dr. F. Brockhaus. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Asher & Co.

¶ Alexander Pope. Ein Beitrag zur Literaturgeschichte des achtzehnten Jahrhunderts, nebst Proben Pope'scher Dichtungen. Von Dr. A. Deetz. Leipzig: Mentsel. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ Shakspeare Lexicon. Von Alexander Schmidt. Th. 2. Berlin: Riener. London: Williams & Norgate.

** Ritornell und Terzine. Von Dr. Hugo Schuchardt. Halle: Niemeyer. London: Williams & Norgate.

†† Von ihr und mir. Eine Geschichte. Von E. Hoefler. Stuttgart: Simon. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡‡ Heildunkel. Neue Novellen. Von Ludwig Salomon. Leipzig: Schiele. London: Williams & Norgate.

§§ Im Banne des schwarzen Adlers. Geschichtlicher Roman. Von Rudolf Gottschall. 4 Bde. Breslau: Trewendt. London: Williams & Norgate.

||| Deutsche Rundschau. Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Berlin: Pötel. London: Trübner.

able for a translation of *Ak-Tomak*, a Russian novel of Tartar life, by N. Karansin. The scene is laid in Khokand, a district whose speedy annexation, we have been recently told, is to be looked for. The most important of the other contributions is one by H. J. A. Raaslöf on the working of constitutional government in Denmark, where the preponderance of the democratic element has led to a dangerous schism between the cultivated minority of the capital and the peasant representatives returned by the agricultural districts.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—NOTICE to ARTISTS.—The results of the Exhibition and Sales of this Season have been so gratifying that the Directors will again offer MEDALS for the BEST PICTURES and DRAWINGS EXHIBITED for 1876-7. Receiving days February 21st and 22nd, at St. George's Hall, Langham Place.—For conditions apply to Mr. C. W. WASS, Picture Gallery, Crystal Palace.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS.—The FOURTEENTH WINTER EXHIBITION of SKETCHES and STUDIES is NOW OPEN, 5 Pall Mall East. Ten till Five. Admission is.

ALFRED D. FRIPP, Secretary.

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ELIJAH WALTON.—WINTER EXHIBITION NOW OPEN.—A Large Collection of Fine Water-Colour Drawings on VIEW, and for SALE. Burlington Gallery, 191 Piccadilly. Ten till Dusk.—Admission, including Catalogue, 1s.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—Dr. PASSAWER will deliver, during Lent Term, a Course of LECTURES on RUSSIAN LANGUAGE and LITERATURE.—For particulars apply to the Secretary, J. W. CUNNINGHAM, Esq.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.—POLITICAL ECONOMY.—Mr. H. S. FOXWELL, M.A., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, will begin a course of TWENTY-FOUR LECTURES on Tuesday, January 18, at 5 P.M.; the subsequent Lectures will be delivered at the same hour on following Thursdays and Tuesdays. The subject of the Course will be "The Principles of Political Economy considered Historically and in their Applications to certain Social Problems, especially the Relations between Capital and Labour." Fee for the Course £2 12s. 6d.

JOHN ROBSON, B.A., Secretary to the Council.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON, SCHOOL.—The LENT TERM, 1876, will begin for New Pupils on Tuesday, January 18, at 9.30 A.M.

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W. C. MACLEAN, M.D., C.B., Hon. Secretary.

TRUST for carrying on the NORTH LONDON COLLEGIATE and CAMDEN SCHOOLS for GIRLS.—The CAMDEN SCHOOL for GIRLS will RE-OPEN on Tuesday, January 18, 1876. The NORTH LONDON COLLEGIATE SCHOOL for GIRLS will RE-OPEN on Thursday, January 20, 1876.

CHELSEA HIGH SCHOOL for GIRLS.—A BOARDING-HOUSE for PUPILS from a distance attending this School of the GIRLS' PUBLIC DAY SCHOOL, COMPANY, has been opened at 7 Durham Place, Chelsea, close to the School, under the Superintendence of Miss C. SMITH, to whom applications for terms and other particulars should be addressed.

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